

THE CRITIC,

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, AND PUBLISHERS.

No. 148.

[SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1847.]

VOL. VI.

THE CRITIC may also be had in Monthly Parts, in a stout Wrapper, price 9d. or 11d.

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

PHILOSOPHY—	
Fichte's Characteristics of the Present Age	274
HISTORY—	
Kerr's History of Servia	275
Mallet's Northern Antiquities	276
SCIENCE—	
Markwick's Guide to the Examination of the Urine in Health and Disease	277
Fancutt's Idiography	277
Yearley's Deafness Practically Illustrated	277
FICTION—	
Bell's Autobiography of Jane Eyre	278
Mrs. Hall's Marian	278
EDUCATION—	
Slater's Christian Reader	278
Anthony's Analysis of Xenophon	278
Flower's Classical Tales and Legends	278
MISCELLANEOUS—	
The Doctor, Vol. VII.	278
Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book	281
Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book	281
Stanford on the Suppression of Mendicancy in the Metropolis	281
Jesse's Literary and Historical Memorials of London	281
DECORATIVE ART—	
A Decorative Art-Union	283
Art—Talk of the Studios	283
New Publications	283
MUSIC—Musical Chit-Chat	284
DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS—	
Sadler's Wells	284
THE STRAND	284
NECROLOGY—	
Dr. Watt	284
JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, &c.	
Report of the Sanitary Condition of Sheffield	284
Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company	284
JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY—	
Education of the Idiot	285
HEIRS-AT-LAW, NEXT OF KIN, &c.	285
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE—	
Gossip of the Literary World	285
List of New Books	285
ADVERTISEMENTS.	

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—First Introduction to the public of TWO LECTURES by Dr. Bachhoffner—one on the LAWS of NATURE, applicable to the IMPORTANT SUBJECT of SANITARY MEASURES; the other on the various modes of VENTILATION, in which the PHYSICAL PROPERTIES of a JET of STEAM will be exhibited, with Novel and Highly Interesting Experiments, daily at Two and half-past Three o'clock. These Lectures will be given alternately in the Evenings at Eight o'clock, except on Saturdays. THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS worked. THE WORKING MODELS explained. An entirely NEW SERIES of DISSOLVING VIEWS. DIVING-BELL and DIVER, with HYDE'S NEW APPARATUS for CONVERSING under WATER, &c. &c.

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Drama.

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Art.

DECORATIVE ART.—The Editor of the CRITIC, Weekly Literary Journal, proposes to establish a DECORATIVE ART UNION, similar to that for paintings. Persons feeling an interest in Decorative Art, and willing to aid the design, are referred to the CRITIC, Nos. 146 and 148, for Oct. 16, and Saturday next, for particulars. Those numbers, stamped, will be sent to any person enclosing six postage stamps to THE CRITIC Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

NEW FRENCH PRINTS and FRENCH COMIC ALBUMS. 116, Regent-street.—L'Armée Française en 1847, being a new series of the present costumes of the French Army, 24 plates; les Motifs Algériens, new scraps, by V. Adam; in the splendide Comic Album, la Guerre comme à la Guerre, par Cham; les Enfants Terribles, par Gavarni; Mons. Trotman, in the same style as Mons. Jabot and Co.; new Humorous and Military Groups, for Scrap-Books, Screens, and Barrack-rooms.—At Delaporte's, 116, Regent-street.

TO SOLICITORS.—Persons desirous of having their names inserted on the COUNTY COURTS LAW LIST for 1848, as practising in the County Courts, are requested to send immediately their names, addresses, and the courts in which they practise, to the Editor of the COUNTY COURTS CHRONICLE, at the LAW TIMES Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand. This work contains the parishes in every district, with their distance from the court towns, &c.

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL, Portu-gal-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.—The Committee of Management, thankful for the liberality which they have experienced whenever they have been compelled to solicit the assistance of the charitable and benevolent, beg to state, that at the present time the whole of the beds of the Hospital are occupied, and they have daily urgent applications for admission, which they cannot receive for want of accommodation; the out-patients continue to increase in number, and the Committee regret being under the necessity of saying that their funds are exhausted, and they are consequently compelled to lay this statement before the affluent and humane, urgently requesting their co-operation to enable them to meet the constant demands for relief arising from the dense mass of poverty and sickness around the neighbourhood of the Hospital. Donations and subscriptions will be most thankfully received by W. T. Copeland, Esq. M.P. Treasurer; Rev. Dr. Jelf, Principal of King's College, London; J. W. Cunningham, Esq. Sec. King's College; and at the Hospital. JOHN LYON, Sec.

New Publications.

On the 30th October, 1847.
THE NATIONAL CYCLOPEDIA, Part X. 1s. Volumes I. and II. are now ready.
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The BRITISH ALMANAC for 1848, price 1s. and the COMPANION to the ALMANAC, price 2s. 6d. or the two bound in cloth, price 4s. will be published on November 18.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

Numbers 21 and 22, "The Government Offices," have appeared in October. Numbers 23 and 24, including Title, Contents, and Frontispiece to Volume I. will complete Part VI. and Volume I. The Part and the Volume (for which an elegant binding is preparing) will be published together on the 1st of December.

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ADVERTISEMENTS for the COUNTY COURTS LAW LIST should be sent by the 2nd of November at latest.

As this work will be an indispensable Hand-book in every office, and must be constantly consulted by the Officers, Practitioners, and Suitors in the County Courts, as containing all the Parishes in all the Districts, with their Distances from the Court Towns, it will be a better medium for advertisements than any Law List, Almanac, &c. Price, the page, 2s. 12s. 6d.; half-a-page, 1s. 11s. 6d.; five lines and under, 7s.; and every additional line, 1s.

LAW TIMES Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

"In the best weekly reviews the public do not expect elaborate criticism—the object of the reviewer is novelty, arrangement, amusement—he wishes to give faithful accounts (which he generally does by extracts) of new publications; and doubtless this, after all, is the proper and exact duty of weekly reviews. Elaborate criticism is seldom light reading; and though the public might once a quarter, they certainly would not once a week permit themselves to be seriously instructed. Yet altogether the reviews in the best weekly publications are considerably fairer and truer than those in the quarterlies; and in nine times out of ten produce a greater influence on the sale of the book."—*BULWER.*

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Characteristics of the Present Age. By JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE. Translated from the German by WILLIAM SMITH. London: John Chapman, 1847.

GERMAN literature has more than any other of what may be called the prophetic element. To the great artistic qualities of literature it cannot pretend. It has imagination, enthusiasm, earnestness, intuition; wit, method, force, polish, concentration, it altogether wants. It is grand as utterance, exceedingly imperfect as expression. It has no perception of fitness, no skill in proportion. In has intensity without heartiness; excessive subtlety without a particle of ingenuity; extraordinary depth without acuteness; immense capacity without that which alone can make capacity fruitful of results,—tenacious grasp. It has the largest insight into personal incongruity, that is, into the falsity of the individual's position in reference to the universe; but it seems utterly incompetent to discern social incongruity, that is, the falsity of the individual's position in relation to other individuals. It is gifted with a sort of divine sagacity in penetrating into and picturing man's divine relations: when it has to tell us of men's earthly circumstances, it displays the most signal ignorance, and babbles with a silly prolixity. It can steal for us the thoughts of angels, but it cannot teach us the philosophy of those common things that lie scattered at our feet. It has what English literature so abounds in, but which French literature is too formal and artificial to have—humour; but its humour has nothing of genial exuberance or of comic breadth. The Englishman is a humorist from his keen and instinctive eye for the grotesque; the German is a humorist because he feels himself an anomaly. There lies at the basis, there intertwines itself with the whole manifestations of German literature, a deep sorrow; it is this, and not the wrath which it pours out upon iniquity, which constitutes its prophetic character. When an ancient Hebrew prophet stood forth as the denouncer of surrounding corruption, his master motive was his hatred of that which he denounced. What he himself had suffered or might suffer was utterly lost in the fervour of indignation that consumed him. If he often sat lonely in the desert, it was not to brood on his own woes, but to mourn over his countrymen's sins. What is prophetic in German literature has not this fiery unconsciousness. It is because he is so agonisingly conscious, that the German hurls his wild phantasies on the evil, the disease, and the disorganisation of society. He is crushed by the sense of homelessness in the midst of the infinite, and the wail of his anguish is so strange and startling that it sounds like the war-cry of revolution. All the theories of the German are simply the cries of his despair. No one has less of misanthropy, has more of that indolent conservatism of habit which accepts institutions, social or political, just as they are, without the slightest desire to pry into their defects. But the shriek of his loneliness in creation has something more bitter than misanthropy, more fatally destructive to the constitution of society than the harangues

of the demagogue. Between the spiritual isolation of the German and the social solitude which distempered genius in England and in France has sought, and yet has cursed, the difference is enormous. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the sufferings of the German should seem ridiculous to the Frenchman and the Englishman, and that their sufferings should seem contemptible to him. He, in his melancholy visions of the ideal and the divine, in his tragic doubts regarding them, in his still more tragic struggles to soar to and seize them, shuns the actual as coarse, and the human as prosaic; they, despising the actual, and yet hunting after it; scorning the human, and yet clinging to it; mock, and are half inclined to deny, the ideal, because it is not as attainable as the actual; and point a sceptical finger to the divine, because they have not perfect faith in the human, which has yet monopolised all their efforts and energies. He is socially dissatisfied, because he is spiritually diseased; they are spiritually diseased, because they are socially dissatisfied. Partly causing, partly caused, by its deep sorrow and its spiritual malady are the want of will, and the want of adequate, forcible, appropriate enunciation which characterise German literature. Three things give a literature life and completeness,—health, strength of will, suitable enunciation. Greek literature had the first and third without the second; Latin literature the first and the second without the third. Greek literature is healthy, and has perfect forms, that is, perfect expression; but it is weak in will, as were the Greeks themselves. Latin literature is healthy, and has all the crushing pith of the Roman will; but it is hard, harsh, and abrupt as enunciation. Sometimes an author lives through sheer power and pertinacity of will. This is the case with SAMUEL JOHNSON, whose merits as a writer are of the scantiest kind, but who put his valiant and vigorous will into his lumbering and pedantic prose, and thus gave his works the vitality they have and may for a few generations longer yet retain. Consequently, as wanting ruddy and sinewy health, compact and continuous will, freedom and fitness of enunciation, we must regard German literature as eminently deficient in what constitutes literary life and completeness. But as a voice from the far depths of dim and awful eternities,—as a confession of the desolate dreamings and mystic griefs of the human soul, when wrestling with the Infinite, it has a grander than a literary significance, which, for nobler than literary objects, it behoves the heroic worker for human progress fully to comprehend and fervidly to feel.

We cannot enter into the import of FICHTE's life and writings, likewise, unless we view him as a great German prophet, rather than as a great German author. Or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, that whoever may be considered the greatest German author, FICHTE was unquestionably the greatest German prophet. His words want nothing but a certain passionate and fertile warmth to give them all the sublimity of inspiration. Among recent discoveries, not one of the least interesting is that which relates to the composition of a solar ray. In every such ray it is found, that instead of two principles there are three,—light, heat, and what has been called actinism, or the fecundating principle. FICHTE had prophetic light and prophetic heat, but he wanted prophetic actinism,—the diffusive and generative energy. In only one of his books, *The Doctrine of Religion*, are gleams and gushings of it visible; and there it seems rather the overflow of that deep sorrow which belongs to

the whole of German literature, than the outburst of FICHTE's own heart. Indeed, we should predicate of FICHTE that he was not a man of strong emotions and ardent affections. He had force of character, and the unity of purpose which it bestows. But he had not those outgoing, overpowering sympathies which make it a heroism not to have flagrantly sinned. We question whether he ever encountered and vanquished, during the course of his career, one single terrible temptation. What he recommends to others as a duty—the living for ideas—was to him the most natural of occupations and enjoyments. He made no account of human frailty, because he never felt it. His theories would be exceedingly true if all men were FICHTEs; as it is, we must take SHAKESPEARE rather than FICHTE as a guide to our knowledge of humanity, and to the probabilities of its fate. Human nature in its entirety and variety can be revealed only to him who has learned from the crucifixions of his own history how what is weak is closely and continuously intermixed with what is mighty. It is from the pictures in great poets of what humanity has been and is, that we can best ascertain what humanity is capable of doing and becoming. He who is merely or chiefly a metaphysician, even when he condescends to speak to us popularly, can tell us of nothing but a metaphysical world. FICHTE is all the more unfit to unveil to us the secrets of human nature and the developments of its ultimate destiny, from his possessing two of those very qualities in which Germans and German literature are so notably defective—energetic will and the talent of enunciation. A man of weak will, yielding to every influx and assailing of circumstances, acquires a more manifold acquaintance with human character and society from the very facility with which he yields. A man of strong will, by forcing every circumstance to obey him, gives to all circumstances the impress of his own faculties; he thus makes monotonously uniform what may be exceedingly varied in itself; every speciality of the outward is effaced, and nothing remains but a monstrous monopoly of self-sufficient will. A man, moreover, of deep sorrow, of weak will, acquires the profounder, the more comprehensive knowledge of human nature, if, among his other defects and sufferings, be that of inadequate expression. From inability to enunciate his woes, he is driven deeper down into the abyss of his own being, to a subtler analysis of its elements and to a more careful comparison of these with the elements of human nature. So that when we call FICHTE a great prophet—the greatest German prophet—it is not because he potently and thrillingly speaks to universal human wants, hopes, and yearnings; it is not because he graphically pictures the past, and with the fiery perspicacity of the seer, and with the genial sunlight of the poet, unveils the future; for all this he was unfit. But he was a great prophet, because he tells better than we have ever been told by another what each individual should be who dedicates his life to the service and salvation of humanity.

This is the merit of the book before us. It is one of the many manuals of duty which FICHTE has given us. It speaks to the intellect, and it tasks the intellect; but its real and most effectual appeal is to the conscience. Others have told us that life is a battle; none have told us in such trumpet tones. As we read we feel how great must be the blessedness of the brave, and we long to rush to the onslaught of whatever stands between humanity and its divinest development. There is not one of FICHTE's ideas which he does not give

us the inspiration to incorporate in action. He makes us think, and perhaps more sublimely than we have ever formerly thought, but it is only in order that we may the more nobly act. We accept these lectures as, on the whole, a true and most admirable delineation of the present age; and on this ground alone we should bestow on them our heartiest recommendation; but it is because they teach us how we may rise above the age, that we bestow on them our most emphatic praise. They force us to believe that the race of the Titans is not yet extinct, as long as we are there to war against the tyranny of the false gods to whom man in his weakness and blindness bows down. If the book were examined critically, and by what FICHTE exhibits as the main characteristic of the age, namely its willingness to accept nothing but what it understands, it would be easy to tear it in pieces, and to convict it of a thousand absurdities. But it is a book to rouse all our most spiritual and ideal capacities, and by these alone can it be appreciated. With all due reverence for FICHTE, however, and for none of the living and for few among the dead do we entertain a more loving and pious admiration, we venture humbly and briefly to hint at a few points on which we differ from him.

The first lecture in the volume contains FICHTE'S "Idea of Universal History." He divides the earthly life of our race into five principal epochs: first, the epoch of Reason, as Instinct; secondly, the epoch in which Reason, as Instinct, is changed into an external ruling authority; thirdly, the epoch of Liberation, directly from the external ruling authority, indirectly from the power of Reason, as Instinct, and generally from Reason in every form; fourthly, the epoch of Reason as Science; fifthly, the epoch of Reason as Art. Now, besides that this division is exceedingly capricious and artificial, we consider that it is not a strong and inextinguishable basis of human facts to rest on. First of all, that there ever was an epoch of Reason as Instinct we altogether deny. From the time that there were on the earth two individuals, the one with a stronger will than the other, there was authority, by whatever name called. Secondly, the moment the epoch of authority began, the epoch of liberation also began; since it is as natural for man to rebel against authority as to wish to possess it. During what FICHTE would represent as the epoch of authority, that is, we suppose, the half-hundred generations immediately preceding the coming of CHRIST, the main aim and effort among the two nations which gave the civilisation of antiquity its character, was liberation. Where or when has the idea of freedom been so grand, and the struggle for it so heroic, as among the Greeks and Romans? Thirdly, while we admit that the leading feature of the present age is what FICHTE represents, we think that it was notable in ages far different and far remote from ours. Greek Philosophy began in, and was continued by, the desire to bring every thing to the test of the understanding; so that this desire, though dominant in the present age, is not peculiar to it. Fourthly, we question whether there ever was any age when the submission to authority was more complete and abject than at present. Fifthly, so far from believing that Reason as Art will grow out of Reason as Science, we are convinced that during all the past the Science of Human Life has grown out of the Art of Human Life, and that thus it will be through all the future ages of the world.

Here and elsewhere FICHTE makes a distinction which can answer no purpose but to

bewilder, between happiness and blessedness; as if the first were altogether to be spurned, and the second alone worthy of a moral reformer. He overlooks the fact that it is not exalted motives which create the noble character, but the noble character that by an invincible necessity creates for itself exalted motives.

However, such minor objections no more affect the substantial value of FICHTE'S book, than striking chips with a small hammer from the granite brow of the mountain diminishes the grandeur of the mountain's aspect. As a majestic and most stirring utterance from the lips of the greatest German prophet, we trust that the book will find a response in many an English soul, and potentially help to regenerate English society.

HISTORY.

A History of Servia and the Servian Revolution, from original MSS. and Documents. Translated from the German of LEOPOLD RANKE, by Mrs. ALEXANDER KERR, Authoress of "Songs of Hope and Memory," &c. London: Murray.

THE results of Mahomedan rule are remarkably exhibited in this valuable history, written with stern impartiality, and a manifest desire to adhere strictly to the truth, and to pass an honest judgment. It fully justifies the assertion of the translator, that "the Turks have been intruders in Europe from the first, grinding down the people and impoverishing the countries which they overran, and warring alike against liberty, enlightenment, and Christianity." This is a narrative of inflexible despotism on the one side, and of Servian struggle upon the other; the subject-matter of the conflict being *religion* and *liberty*, and the interest of the reader is maintained throughout by the sympathy he cannot fail to feel for the oppressed, and the indignation excited within him against the oppressors.

The Servians are among the oldest of the European nations. Their fathers have possessed the lands they cultivate from the earliest records of authentic history. They were the bravest of the legions of Rome, and their valour has been specially recorded by TACITUS, SUETONIUS, and VESPASIAN. They inhabited the country that extends from the banks of the Drina and the Bosna towards the Save, along the course of both the Morawas down to the Danube, and southerly to Upper Macedonia; peopling likewise the coasts of the Adriatic Sea. For centuries they lived under the government of their shupanes, or elders, regardless of the policy of surrounding nations. In this primitive manner they lived, peaceful and content, until the Turks invaded their territory, and finally succeeded in conquering and adding it to their own empire. RANKE describes the manner in which the triumphant Mahomedans proceeded to amalgamate a Christian nation with themselves. This sketch of the characteristics of Islamism abounds in spirit and truth:—

Islamism strengthens the pretensions of the ruling military powers, by inculcating the belief that they exclusively enjoy the true religion. Events have, however, proved to the Turks that they cannot exist without the aid of a subject infidel nation. With all his zeal—the Turk is content in general with resting on this text of the Koran—"Thou wilt not find out any means of enlightening him whom God delivers over to error." If, as it has been affirmed, a Sultan once entertained the thought of extirpating his Christian subjects, he must have been deterred from the act by reflecting that their services were indispensable to him. From this opposition of belief and unbelief proceeds the whole political sys-

tem of the Turkish empire. The two principles of its foundation will always be antagonistic to each other. No hope of forming a united nation can consequently be entertained. Christianity endeavours to convert nations; Islamism to conquer the world. "The earth is the Lord's, and he bestows it on whom he chooses." What in the ancient Roman empire appears to be a judicial hypothesis—namely, that the actual property in land belongs either to the state or the Emperor, and only its occupation and use to the individual—is, in the Ottoman empire, a positive reality; grounded on the religious belief that "all the land belongs to the Caliph, the shadow and vicegerent of God on earth." When he fulfilled the will of God and of the prophet, in spreading the pure faith, he distributed the lands which he conquered amongst the armies of the "Faithful," who had assisted him in his enterprises; to some, indeed, to hold in hereditary possession, but to the greater part as their pay, in the form of a fief. Whatever changes may have been effected in more peaceful times, the principle of this arrangement remained in force, as it was fixed from the first. The entire extent of the Ottoman empire was, in the eighteenth century, as well as in the sixteenth, parcelled out amongst the Timarlis and Spahis, of whom there are said to have been 132,000.

The system of rule was not ill-adapted to the object. The Janissaries were the connecting link between the various parts of the empire and the government. This influential body, consisting of no less than 150,000 registered members—although those in actual service were much fewer—were gathered from every portion of the dominion, and a direct interest was given to them in the preservation of the existing order of affairs. To a certain division of them belonged the privilege of keeping the keys of the fortresses, and of being in personal attendance on the pashas. With retainers so numerous and powerful it was not difficult to carry out the system of oppressive despotism described in the following description of

THE GOVERNMENT OF SERVIA.

The subject—who, in the event of proving refractory, would be doomed to death or imprisonment—pays poll-money to the Sultan, according to the ordinances of the Koran. "Oppress them," it is said therein, concerning the infidels, "until they pay poll-tax and are humbled." To this verse of the Koran the Turkish Sultans have always appealed when at any time they, like Achmet II. have found themselves under the necessity of enacting new laws regarding taxation. Every male, from seven years of age, is obliged to pay the poll-tax to the end of his days. The teskeres, or stamped receipts, which are sent from Constantinople, serve at once as proofs of acknowledged submission, as certificates for protection, and as passports for those by whom they are received. In the Servian territories there were still some districts remaining under Christian Kneses, or princes; for instance, the Kraina, which was under the hereditary dominion of the Karapandshitsch, who enjoyed princely authority. And although it may not be true that they possessed the privilege of forbidding any shod horse belonging to the Turks to set foot on their domain, they had the right of refusing to allow a Spahi or a native Turk to settle on their land. They paid their customary tribute to a Beg, who resided in Kladovo. In a nearly similar manner the Rashkowsitches for some time had possession of Stariwla. Kliutsch was governed by elective kneses. In the pachalic of Belgrade, however, which by way of pre-eminence was called Serfwijaleti, the Spahis were regarded as the proprietors of the villages. Compared with former times, the Spahis had this advantage—that their rights had by degrees become hereditary; but hence it followed that these were more rigidly fixed than formerly. They received a tithe of all that the field, vineyard, or beehive produced; and also, a small tax on each head of cattle. Moreover, they had a right to demand for themselves a tax, called

glawnitzka, of two piastres, from every married couple. To avoid unpleasant inquiries into the extent of their income, many persons added a portion of the tithe to the glawnitzka. In some parts of the country the people agreed to pay the Spahis for each married couple, whether rich or poor, ten piastres a year in full of all dues. This was at once accepted, as it enabled the Spahis to ascertain the amount on which they might annually reckon.

But the Spahis cannot properly be considered as a class of nobles. In the villages they had neither estates nor dwellings of their own; they had no right to jurisdiction, or to feudal service; they were not allowed to eject the tenantry by force, nor could they even forbid them from removing and settling elsewhere. What they had to demand was what might be termed an hereditary stipend, in return for which the duty of serving in war remained unaltered. No real rights of property were ever bestowed on them; for a specific service a certain revenue was granted them. The Grand Signior reserved for himself a number of villages. In addition to this, the Pacha had to be provided for; and the administration of the pachalic also rendered several branches of revenue necessary. Feudal services, in general, were very burdensome; particularly at first. It appears that the peasants of every village in Servia had to render bond-service to the Pacha one hundred days in each year. In Constantinople a register was kept of all the houses in the empire liable to such service. But nothing more is heard of exactions so oppressive as we approach the close of the 18th century; even a produce-tax on corn, which the Pacha had formerly been accustomed to collect about Christmas, had fallen into desuetude. On the other hand, however, he required annually a sum of money from the country. Generally, the amount was regulated by custom; but it could be increased according to circumstances. After consultation with the Kneses, the tax was imposed proportionably on the respective districts, and also on the villages and households in the districts. No register of landed property was in use; the circumstances of the occupiers, as they happened to be generally and personally known, being taken as the criterion by which they were rated. Of this revenue, a portion was sent to Constantinople; but it served chiefly to supply the wants of the province, such as the pay of the Janissaries, &c. The Janissaries, however, since a share of the duties on imports had been assigned to them, had devoted themselves, at the same time, to trade, and had become the richest and most influential class in the country. The Grand Signior was considered not only as the chief in war, but as the Caliph of the Prophet—the administrator of the Koran, in which religion and law are blended. When, in 1784, he was obliged to renounce the temporal dominion of the Crimea, he yet reserved to himself the spiritual authority, and continued to send Mollas and Kadis thither to exercise it. For Servia, a Mollah of the second rank resided in Belgrade. In smaller towns there were Kadis, who dispensed justice to Mussulmans as well as to Christians. For their income the Kadis had chiefly to look to the latter; to the revenue accruing to them, in their judicial capacity, from grants of administration on the death of heads of families, and from the dues on commerce; and to the fees arising from actions brought before them. It is obvious that disturbances must have been welcome to them. With the Kadi was associated a Mussulman officer, appointed by the Pacha, to execute his judgments; and who, having the executive power, obtained greater consideration than the peaceful judge.

None regarded it as an act of arbitrary injustice, emanating from personal dislike, that the Christians should be held in exclusion from state affairs, from military command, and from public life. It had always been so; the system, as has been shewn, was intimately connected with the principle of Islamism. In the book of the "Sultan's Commands," compiled by a chief magistrate of Bagdad, in the fifth century of the Hegira, the duties of the Gisors—that is, of those subjects who are not Moslems—are thus specified:—"They must be recognised by their dress; their dwellings must not be loftier than

those of the Musselmans; the sound of their bells must not be heard; they must not ride either horses or dromedaries." Even in the eighteenth century a decree of Osmar was renewed, by which the "infidels" are forbidden to study the learned Arabic, or to teach their children the Koran. Above all things, however, "they may not wear arms;" and this was so completely a matter of course, that it is scarcely ever mentioned afterwards. The raja were considered a weaponless herd, whose duty was obedience and subjection. Such was in general the state of Servia in the latter half of the eighteenth century. The Turks in the country—not only those of distinction, but others of lower rank who had gradually assembled around them—considered themselves the masters of the raja. Not only did the Turks reserve for themselves the exercise of arms, but also the right of carrying on such trades as were in any way connected with war. Like our northern ancestors, or their own Oriental forefathers, amongst whom the son of a smith once founded a dynasty, many a Turk has been seen to turn back his silken sleeve and shoe a horse; still he regarded himself as a kind of gentleman. Other occupations the Mussulmans left with contempt to Christian mechanics; for instance, no Turk would have condescended to be a furrier. Every thing that they thought suitable and becoming—beautiful arms, rich dresses, magnificent houses—they claimed exclusively for themselves. But the personal treatment of Christians was most oppressive. No Servian dared to ride into town on horseback; he was only allowed to appear on foot; and to any Turk who might demand it, he was bound to render personal service. When meeting a Turk on the road, it was his duty to halt and make way for him; and if he happened to carry small arms in defence against robbers, he was obliged to conceal them. To suffer injuries was his duty; to resent them was deemed a crime worthy of punishment.

This extract is a long one, but it would not endure curtailment, and it illustrates the character of Turkish rule more forcibly by its simple statement of facts than any amount of declamatory appeal to religious prejudices.

Sooner or later oppression produces revolution. So it was in this case. The Servians endured with seeming patience till resistance became a virtue. Early in this century they gave tokens of uneasiness which more prudent and far-seeing rulers would have acknowledged, and by judicious redress of grievances have postponed, if they could not avert, the struggle for emancipation from a yoke that had become intolerable. The first leader was KARA GEORGE, a man of energy and ability, but at heart as great a tyrant as those against whom he rebelled. This is RANKE's sketch of that personage.

KARA GEORGE.

He was the son of a peasant named Petroni; and in his early youth he went with his parents higher up into the mountain to Topola. In the very first commotion of the country (which was in the year 1787, when an invasion by the Austrians was expected), he took a part that decided the character of his future life. He saw himself compelled to flee; and, not wishing to leave his father behind amongst the Turks, he took him also, with all his moveable property and cattle. Thus he proceeded towards the Save: but the nearer they approached that river the more alarmed became his father; but who from the first would have preferred surrendering, as many others had done, and often advised him to return. Once again, and in the most urgent manner, when they already beheld the Save before them, "Let us humble ourselves," the old man said, "and we shall obtain pardon. Do not go to Germany, my son: as surely as my bread may prosper thee, do not go." But George remained inexorable. His father was at last equally resolved: "Go, then, over alone," he said; "I remain in this country." "How!" replied Kara George; "shall I live to see thee slowly tortured to death by the Turks? It is better that I should

kill thee myself on the spot." Then, seizing a pistol, he instantly shot his father; and ordered one of his companions to give the death-blow to the old man, who was writhing in agony. In the next village, Kara said to the people, "Get the old man who lies yonder buried for me, and drink also for his soul at a funeral feast." For that purpose he made them a present of the cattle which he had with him; and then crossed the Save.

This deed, which was the first indication of his character, threw him out of the common course. He returned to his own district, with the rank of sergeant, in the corps of volunteers; but, believing himself unjustly passed over at a distribution of medals, he retired into the mountains as a heyduc (robber). However, he became reconciled in this matter with his colonel (Mihaljewitsch), went with him, after the peace, to Austria, and was made "forest-keeper" in the cloister of Kruschedol. But he did not rest satisfied in Austria; and, as under Hadschi Mustafa he had nothing to fear in Servia, he returned thither, and from that time followed his business, that of a dealer in swine. The outrages of the Dahis hurried him into the movements in which he was destined to perform so important a part. Kara George was a very extraordinary man. He would sit for days together without uttering a word, biting his nails. At times, when addressed, he would turn his head aside and not answer. When he had taken wine he became talkative; and, if in a cheerful mood, he would perhaps lead off a Kolo-dance. Splendour and magnificence he despised. In the days of his greatest success he was always seen in his old blue trousers, in his worn-out short pelt, and his well-known black cap. His daughter, even whilst her father was in the exercise of princely authority, was seen to carry her water-vessel, like other girls in the village. Yet, strange to say, he was not insensible to the charms of gold. * * * In the affairs of peace, Kara George evinced, as has been shewn, a decided inclination for a regular course of proceeding; and although he could not himself write, he was fond of having business carried on in writing: he allowed matters to follow their own course for a long time together; but if they were carried too far, his very justice was violent and terrible. His only brother, presuming on his name and relationship, took unwarrantable license; and for a long time Kara George overlooked his misconduct. But at length he did violence to a young maiden; whose friends complained loudly, exclaiming, that it was for crimes of such a character that the nation had risen against the Turks. Kara George was so greatly enraged at this vile deed, that he ordered this only brother, whom he loved, to be hanged at the door of the house; and forbade his mother to mourn outwardly for the death of her son.

He was, after a short struggle, totally conquered, and the triumphant Turks celebrated their victory with cruelties that drove the unfortunate people to despair, and provoked another rising under a leader called MILOSCH, who had more natural ability, but was less educated than KARA GEORGE. He speedily rendered himself obnoxious to his followers, was deposed from his post, and forced to go into exile; a son of KARA being elected in his stead, under the title of Prince of Servia. Of these civil strifes, and the long struggle with the foreign enemy, RANKE has given extremely full particulars, for which the reader should consult the volume before us, which will afford him as much of entertainment as of information. We conclude with one other extract only. It contains some

ANECDOTES OF MILOSCH.

Milosch took possession of whatever he pleased—fields, houses, and mills—fixing the price himself. He one day, as though he were the proprietor, and without asking leave of any one, burnt one of the suburbs of Belgrade, because it was his intention to erect new buildings on the site. He also continued to impose the most severe bond-service: the

peasants Uschize had to come to Kragujewaz, to assist him in his hay harvest; and the traders of Belgrade were seen to close their shops that they might go to unload the hay of the Knias. Nor were the people remunerated for the quartering and provisions of the soldiers. Whilst the Turkish tartars [couriers] were already beginning to pay for what they had, the Servian messengers exacted their supplies gratuitously. It was not unusual for a Momke to leave his tired horse in the village, in charge of the bystanders, and take the first he could find as a substitute in the interim. "I should like to see," said one of the Prince's drivers, "who would dare to disobey his Highness;" and he immediately put the oxen of the peasants to his carriage. Under such circumstances, it frequently occurred that the public power was abused for personal advantage. What had previously occasioned such great excitement against Mladen and Miloje was repeated by Milosch; who endeavoured to monopolize the most lucrative trade of the country, that of dealing in swine. He enclosed the woods, which had hitherto been common to all, for the purpose of keeping his own cattle in them. A very extraordinary decree, by which the giving credit was impeded, or even prohibited, was interpreted by the people into an intention on his part to prevent every sort of association, in order that Milosch, as the richest man in Servia, might monopolize the entire commerce of the country. He appeared to consider that the power of the Sultan had been delegated to him; and that consequently he was absolute master over the land, the people, and their property. "Am I the master," he was heard to say, "and shall I not be at liberty to do what I please?" Indeed, he was invariably designated *master* in the country.

Northern Antiquities; an Historical Account, &c. of the Ancient Scandinavians, with Incidental Notices respecting our Saxon Ancestors. Translated from the French of M. MALLET. By BISHOP PERCY. New edition. London, 1847. Bohn.

THIS is the third volume of "Bohn's Antiquarian Library," and it places in the hands of the general public a valuable and deeply-interesting work, hitherto to be obtained only by the wealthy. The learned and laborious work of M. MALLET is devoted to a description of the first inhabitants of Denmark and its early history. It then treats of Odin, his supposed arrival in the north, and the changes which he is said to have effected. The primitive worship of the northern nations is minutely investigated, and then that of Scandinavia in particular. This is followed by a review of the form of government, an account of the passion of the ancient Scandinavians for arms, and the manner in which they made war; their maritime expeditions, and their customs and manners. The editor has added chapters on the colonisation of Greenland, the laws and institutions of Iceland, its manners, customs, and literature. A notice of the *Ron Edda*, and a critical examination of the leading doctrines of the Scandinavian mythology, complete a volume which, although a portion of an "Antiquarian Library," is not for antiquarians only, but will interest and instruct every reader.

SCIENCE.

A Guide to the Examination of the Urine in Health and Disease, for the Use of Students. By ALFRED MARKWICK. London, 1847. Churchill.

THE vast strides which chemical science has made of late years, and especially the discoveries of LIEBIG, have enabled the physician to attain to a far more accurate knowledge than before of the proper functions of the organs of secretion and excretion. The most important of the latter are the kidneys, upon whose normal action health always, and life often, depends. A manual by which the student may be brought readily to discern a diseased condition of this organ, and the nature of that disease, cannot but be acceptable—and such a volume

is this, which embodies the experience and learning of Mr. MARKWICK.

Idiography, a System of Short-Hand Writing on the Basis of Grammar. By J. FANCUTT. Biggs, 1847.

AN ingenious system, founded on the principle that the reporter needs only to take the sense, and not the very words, of the speaker, and for that purpose the scheme seems very efficient. But it must be remembered that frequently the words are required to be preserved even more than the meaning. In such case it would not do to depend upon this system of Short-hand.

Deafness practically Illustrated. By JAMES YEARSLEY, M.R.C.S.E. &c. London, 1847. Churchill.

THE results of the large experience of Mr. YEARSLEY are collected in this volume, as illustrative of the theory of aural surgery, which he has so long advocated and so successfully practised. It is written so as to be understood by patients, as well as by the faculty.

FICTION.

Jane Eyre; an Autobiography. Edited by CURRER BELL. In 3 vols. London, 1847. Smith, Elder, and Co.

OUR readers will probably remember a volume of poems, the joint production of three brothers, BELL, which, albeit little noticed by our critical brethren, took our fancy so much, as seeming to be freighted with promise, that we dedicated several columns to a review, and, as we are informed, thereby contributed mainly to establish for the authors a reputation which we hope was something more than nominal.

The performance before us, by one of the brothers, proves the justice of those anticipations. CURRER BELL can write prose as well as poetry. He has fertile invention, great power of description, and a happy faculty for conceiving and sketching character. *Jane Eyre* is a remarkable novel, in all respects very far indeed above the average of those which the literary journalist is doomed every season to peruse, and of which he can say nothing either in praise or condemnation, such is their tame monotony of mediocrity. It is a story of surpassing interest, riveting the attention from the very first chapter, and sustaining it by a copiousness of incident rare indeed in our modern English school of novelists, who seem to make it their endeavour to diffuse the smallest possible number of incidents over the largest possible number of pages. CURRER BELL has even gone rather into the opposite extreme, and the incidents of his story are, if any thing, too much crowded. But this is a fault which readers, at least, will readily pardon.

Jane Eyre is an orphan, dependant upon relations, who heap upon her all sorts of ill-treatment, until her spirit rebels instead of breaking, and as a punishment, or rather to be rid of her, she is sent to a Charitable Institution, whose wretched fare, exacting tyranny, puritanical pretension, and systematic hypocrisy are painted with a vividness which shews them to be no fiction, but a copy from the life, and it is evident that the author has aimed a well-directed blow at actually existing charities in more than one county, of which this one is a type.

When this sort of slow torture can be endured no longer, she seeks a situation as governess, and finds it in the house of a gentleman, who entrusts to her care his *ward*, as she is called, but who is, in fact, the child of an opera-dancer. There is exquisite delicacy in the drawing of this young creature: it is a

perfect picture of a little girl, such as we do not know where to parallel in the whole range of literature—so rare it is to find childhood naturally depicted. If the author had done no more than this, he would have entitled himself to a high place among the novelists of his day. The mystery which attaches to Thornfield, so well preserved, is not so happily revealed. The *dénouement* is too abrupt, and there has been an evident effort to bring matters to a conclusion at a point prescribed rather by the printer than by the progress of the story.

This, however, is the consequence of our absurd three-volumed system, which compels improper curtailment as well as needless expansion. The character of Mr. Rochester is brought out with consummate skill, learned, as in real life, not by telling it but by shewing it, as events display the various features of his mind. Here the mystery is revealed, and the trials and troubles that follow thereupon, and the end of all, so entirely unexpected, and so different from the established usage of novelists, we leave the reader to explore, without marring the pleasure of the search by anticipating the plot. Among the personages most ably drawn are those who figure in the charity-school at Lowood, especially the patron, so pious and so hard-hearted, so firm in faith, so failing in worth, so good a Christian in precept, so bad an one in practice. The heroine also is very well sustained: she is not faultless, but human—a woman and not an angel; on which account we feel all the more interested in her fortunes.

Being such, we can cordially recommend *Jane Eyre* to our readers, as a novel to be placed at the top of the list to be borrowed, and to the circulating-library keeper as one which he may with safety order. It is sure to be in demand.

One extract must suffice as a specimen, for it is a long one.

A CHARITY-SCHOOL.

My first quarter at Lowood seemed an age; and not the golden age either: it comprised an irksome struggle with difficulties in habituating myself to new rules and unwonted tasks. The fear of failure in these points harassed me worse than the physical hardships of my lot, though these were no trifles. During January, February, and part of March, the deep snows, and, after their melting, the almost impassable roads prevented one stirring beyond the garden walks, except to go to church; but within these limits we had to pass an hour every day in the open air. Our clothing was insufficient to protect us from the severe cold: we had no boots, the snow got into our shoes and melted there; our ungloved hands became numbed and covered with chilblains, as were our feet: I remember well the distracting irritation I endured from this cause, every evening when my feet inflamed, and the torture of thrusting the swelled, raw, and stiff toes into my shoes in the morning. Then the scanty supply of food was distressing; with the keen appetites of growing children, we had scarcely sufficient to keep alive a delicate invalid. From this deficiency of nourishment resulted an abuse which pressed hardly on the younger pupils: whenever the famished great girls had an opportunity, they would coax or menace the little ones out of their portion. Many a time I have shared between two claimants the precious morsel of brown bread distributed at tea-time; and after relinquishing to a third half the contents of my mug of coffee, I have swallowed the remainder with an accompaniment of secret tears, forced from me by the exigency of hunger.

Sundays were dreary days in that wintry season. We had to walk two miles to Brocklebridge church, where our patron officiated. We set out cold, we arrived at church colder; during the morning service we became almost paralysed. It was too far to return to dinner, and an allowance of cold meat and bread, in the same penurious proportion observed

in our ordinary meals, was served round between the services. At the close of the afternoon service, we returned by an exposed and hilly road, where the bitter winter wind, blowing over a range of snowy summits to the north, almost flayed the skin from our faces. I can remember Miss Temple walking lightly and rapidly along our drooping line, her plaid cloak which the frosty wind fluttered, gathered close about her, and encouraging us, by precept and example, to keep up our spirits, and march forward, as she said, "like stalwart soldiers." The other teachers, poor things, were generally themselves too much dejected to attempt the task of cheering others. How we longed for the light and heat of a blazing fire when we got back! But, to the little ones at least, this was denied: each hearth in the schoolroom was immediately surrounded by a double row of great girls, and behind them the younger children crowded in groups, wrapping their starved arms in their pinafores. A little solace came at tea-time in the shape of a double ration of bread—a whole, instead of a half slice—with the delicious addition of a thin scrape of butter: it was the hebdomadal treat, to which we all looked forward from Sabbath to Sabbath. I generally contrived to reserve a moiety of this bounteous repast for myself, but the remainder I was invariably obliged to part with. The Sunday evening was spent in repeating, by heart, the Church Catechism, and the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of St. Matthew; and in listening to a long sermon, read by Miss Miller, whose irrepressible yawns attested her weariness. A frequent interlude of these performances was the enactment of the part of Eutychus by some half-dozen of little girls; who, overpowered with sleep, would fall down, if not out of the third loft, yet off the fourth form, and be taken up half dead. The remedy was to thrust them forward into the centre of the school-room, and oblige them to stand there until the sermon was finished. Sometimes their feet failed them, and they sank together in a heap; they were then propped up with the monitors' high stools. I have not yet alluded to the visits of Mr. Brocklehurst; and indeed that gentleman was from home during the greater part of the first month after my arrival—perhaps prolonging his stay with his friend the archdeacon: his absence was a relief to me. I need not say that I had my own reasons for dreading his coming; but come he did at last. One afternoon (I had then been three weeks at Lowood) as I was sitting with a slate in my hand, puzzling over a sum in long-division, my eyes raised in abstraction to the window, I caught sight of a figure just passing. I recognised almost instinctively that gaunt outline; and then, two minutes after, all the school, teachers included, rose *en masse*. It was not necessary for me to look up in order to ascertain whose entrance they thus greeted. A long stride measured the schoolroom, and presently beside Miss Temple, who herself had risen, stood the same black column which had frowned on me so ominously from the hearth-rug of Gateshead. I now glanced sideways at this piece of architecture. Yes, I was right; it was Mr. Brocklehurst, buttoned up in a surtout, and looking longer, narrower, and more rigid than ever.

Mr. Brocklehurst makes his appearance, and his minute meddling with the affairs of the school is very well described. We extract the conclusion of the scene:—

"Well, for once it may pass; but please not to let the circumstance occur two often: and there is another thing which surprises me; I find in settling accounts with the housekeeper, that a lunch, consisting of bread and cheese, has twice been served out during the past fortnight. How is this? I look over the regulations, and I find no such meal as lunch mentioned. Who introduced this innovation? and by what authority?" "I must be responsible for the circumstance, Sir," replied Miss Temple: "the breakfast was so ill prepared that the pupils could not possibly eat it, and I dared not allow them to remain fasting till dinner time." "Madam, allow me an instant. You are aware that my plan in bringing up these girls is, not to accustom them to habits of luxury and indulgence, but to render them hardy, patient, self-denying,

Should any little accidental disappointment of the appetite occur, such as the spoiling of a meal, the under or the over-dressing of a dish, the incident ought not to be neutralized by replacing with something more delicate the comfort lost, thus pampering the body and obviating the aim of this institution; it ought to be improved to the spiritual edification of the pupils, by encouraging them to evince fortitude under the temporary privation. A brief address on these occasions would not be mistimed, wherein a judicious instructor would take the opportunity of referring to the sufferings of the primitive Christians; to the torments of martyrs; to the exhortations of our blessed Lord himself, calling upon his disciples to take up their cross and follow him; to his warnings that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God; to his divine consolations, 'If ye suffer hunger or thirst for my sake, happy are ye.' Oh, Madam, when you put bread and cheese instead of burnt porridge into these children's mouths, you may indeed feed their vile bodies, but you little think how you starve their immortal souls!"

Mr. Brocklehurst again paused, perhaps overcome by his feelings. Miss Temple had looked down when he first began to speak to her, but she now gazed straight before her; and her face, naturally pale as marble, appeared to be assuming also the coldness and fixity of that material: especially her mouth closed as if it would have required a sculptor's chisel to open it, and her brow settled gradually into petrified severity. Meantime, Mr. Brocklehurst, standing on the hearth, with his hands behind his back, majestically surveyed the whole school. Suddenly his eye gave a blink, as if it had met something that either dazzled or shocked its pupil; turning, he said, in more rapid accents than he had hitherto used:—"Miss Temple, Miss Temple, what—what is that girl with curled hair? Red hair, ma'am, curled—curled all over!" And extending his cane, he pointed to the awful object, his hand shaking as he did so. "It is Julia Severn," replied Miss Temple, very quietly. "Julia Severn, ma'am! And why has she, or any other, curled hair? Why, in defiance of every precept and principle of this house, does she conform to the world so openly—here, in an evangelical charitable establishment—as to wear her hair in one mass of curls?" "Julia's hair curls naturally," returned Miss Temple still more quietly. "Naturally! Yes; but we are not to conform to nature: I wish these girls to be the children of grace; and why that abundance? I have again and again intimated that I desire the hair to be arranged closely, modestly, plainly. Miss Temple, that girl's hair must be cut off entirely; I will send a barber to-morrow: and I see others who have far too much of the excrecence. That tall girl—tell her to turn round. Tell all the first form to rise up and direct their faces to the wall." Miss Temple passed her handkerchief over her lips, as if to smoothe away the involuntary smile that curled them; she gave the order, however, and when the first class could take in what was required of them, they obeyed. Leaning a little back on my bench, I could see the looks and grimaces with which they commented on this manoeuvre; it was a pity Mr. Brocklehurst could not see them too; he would perhaps have felt that, whatever he might do with the outside of the cup and platter, the inside was further beyond his interference than he imagined. He scrutinised the reverse of these living medals some five minutes—then pronounced sentence. These words fell like a knell of doom:—"All those top-knots must be cut off." Miss Temple seemed to remonstrate. "Madam," he pursued, "I have a Master to serve whose kingdom is not of this world: my mission is to mortify in these girls the lusts of the flesh; to teach them to clothe themselves with shame-facedness and sobriety, not with braided hair and costly apparel; and each of the young persons before us has a string of hair twisted in plaits which vanity itself might have woven: these, I repeat, must be cut off. Think of the time wasted, of—." Mr. Brocklehurst was here interrupted; three other visitors (ladies) now entered the room.

Marian; or, A Young Maid's Fortunes. By Mrs. S. S. HALL. London, 1847. Simms and M'Intyre.

A new volume of that extraordinary specimen of cheap books, "The ParLOUR Library." It contains the entire novel, of which it is sufficient only to present the title and the name of the authoress to induce all who have not yet read it to take this opportunity for so doing—and those who have, to possess a work which has yielded them so much enjoyment.

EDUCATION.

The Christian Reader: a Collection of Pieces from the most celebrated Authors. Selected and arranged by JOHN SLATER. Third edition. London, 1847. Fisher and Co.

A VOLUME for Sunday reading: its contents gleaned from the works of the most famous divines and religious writers, selected with excellent taste, and adapted to stimulate both the piety and the intellect of the young. Prose is varied with poetry. There are gatherings from Germany, and America, and France; wherever religion has found an eloquent exponent and advocate, Mr. SLATER has turned for contributions to a volume which will be welcomed by the school and the family as a delightful addition to their libraries. It is sure not to lie idle upon the shelf.

The Anabasis of Xenophon; with English Notes, &c. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D. Professor of Greek, &c. at New York. Revised and adapted to English Schools. London, 1847. Tegg and Co.

THE value of this book lies in its numerous and admirable notes, and in its abandonment of the absurdity of attempting to enlighten the pupil in the difficulties of one foreign language by notes written in another almost equally unfamiliar. Dr. ANTHON has added his notes in English, and they have the additional attraction of being not merely critical, but explanatory also. Instead of tedious discussions upon words and letters, Dr. ANTHON presents accounts of places, and persons, and manners, and customs, alluded to in the text; thus giving to the young reader a living interest in the dead language, and impressing forcibly upon the memory the history he is slowly translating. Even woodcuts are introduced to illustrate some of these notes, exhibiting the dresses, armour, and so forth, of the times to which allusions are made by the historian. We have no hesitation in recommending this to schools and families as by far the most useful edition of the *Anabasis* ever published, and we trust that the learned author will be induced by the welcome this volume has received to present to the youth of England and America a series of similar editions of the classics.

Classical Tales and Legends. By W. B. FLOWER, B.A. London: Burns.

THE author supposes that the goodly legends of ancient Greece and Rome were not framed without a purpose; that they were, in all probability, intended to convey a knowledge of such truths as were understood among the heathen; to inspire courage, love of country and friends, and, above all, to awake dutiful feelings of reverence towards the immortals. In fulfilment of this purpose, he narrates some of the most beautiful of these myths, and points their moral. It is an admirable method of preparing youth for the study of the classics, upon which they will enter with much more definite ideas of the meaning of the mythology than if they had not first read this charming little volume.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Doctor, &c. Vol. VII. London, 1847. THE sweepings of SOUTHEY's study, even as such acceptable, though not in truth a formal continuation of that wondrous maze of literary lore yclep'd *The Doctor*. How this strange medley was collected is told in the introduc-

tion. It was the work of years. Each extract had been written on a separate slip of paper; many of them so long since as thirty or forty years. It seems to have been the poet's practice to read all books that came in his way, and to search every library to which he could obtain access for the rarest and most curious volumes; and as he read he was wont to copy on the slips aforesaid the most remarkable passages, and to throw them into a drawer, where they remained until the thought occurred to him of reproducing them in a readable shape; and for which purpose, and as a thread by which to string them together, so as to avoid the appearance of a mere scrap-book, he devised the slight fiction of *The Doctor*.

But even that veil of fiction is not preserved in this, the last volume, which consists of the rest of the materials so collected by SOUTHEY, slightly edited, thrown together almost without attempt at arrangement. Nor is it on that account a less readable book than its predecessors. The device of the Doctor was in truth a very flimsy one; he was more quaint than humorous; the endeavour to give him a bodily shape in the reader's mind was a failure; he remained to the last a shadow—a fiction, in whom no interest was felt, and whose platitudes, when he was made to speak in his own person, were, like the old chorus in plays, rather tedious than otherwise, as standing in the way of those real attractions—the gleanings he was intended to introduce. Dropping, then, the Doctor altogether, as he is now fairly set aside in the pages before us, let us take them as what they are—a collection of curious extracts from rare authors; and present to our readers a few selections of the most amusing of them. From the very nature of such criticism is impossible. It can only be exhibited by extracts, and those extracts must plead their own cause.

The Doctor was well known to maintain very resolutely the theory that women were naturally endowed with intellectual powers inferior to those of men, although he did not proceed to the Mahomedan daring of denying to them the possession of souls. He was always pleased to strengthen his own position by authorities, and he had collected a strange group which will be read with interest.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

The Doctor had other theological arguments in aid of the opinion which he was pleased to support. The remark has been made, which is curious, or in the language of Jeremy Taylor's age, *considerable*, that we read in Genesis how when God saw everything else which he had made, he pronounced that it was very good, but he did not say this of the woman. There are, indeed, certain Rabbis who affirm that Eve was not taken out of Adam's side: but that Adam had originally been created with a tail (herein agreeing with the well-known theory of Lord Monboddo), and that among the various experiments and improvements which were made in his form and organization before he was finished, the tail was removed as an inconvenient appendage, and of the excrescence or superfluous part which was then lopped off the woman was formed. "We are not bound to believe the Rabbis in everything," the Doctor would say; "and yet it cannot be denied that they have preserved some valuable traditions which ought to be regarded with much respect." And then by a gentle inclination of the head, and a peculiar glance of the eye, he let it be understood that this was one of those traditions which were entitled to consideration. It was not impossible, he said, but that a different reading in the original text might support such an interpretation: the same word in Hebrew frequently signified different things, and rib and tail might, in that language, be as near each other in sound, or as easily mis-written by a hasty hand, or mis-read by an in-

accurate eye, as *costa* and *cauda* in Latin. He did not pretend that this was the case—but that it might be so. And by a like corruption (for to such corruptions all written and even all printed books are liable) the text may have represented that Eve was taken from the side of her husband instead of from that part of the back where the tail grew. The dropping of a syllable might occasion it. And this view of the question, he said, derived strong support from that well-known and indubitable text wherein the husband is called the head; for although that expression is in itself most clear and significant in its own substantive meaning, it becomes still more beautifully and emphatically appropriate when considered as referring to this interpretation and tradition, and implying as a direct and necessary converse that the wife is the tail.

There is another legend relating to a like but even less worthy formation of the first helpmate, and this also is ascribed to the Rabbis. According to this mythos the rib which had been taken from Adam was, for a moment, laid down, and in that moment a monkey stole it and ran off with it at full speed. An Angel pursued, and though not in league with the Monkey, he could have been no good Angel; for overtaking him, he caught him by the Tail, brought it maliciously back instead of the Rib, and of that Tail was Woman made. What became of the Rib, with which the Monkey got clear off, "was never to mortal known." However, the Doctor admitted that on the whole the received opinion was the more probable. And after making this admission he related an anecdote of Lady Jekyll, who was fond of puzzling herself and others with such questions as had been common enough a generation before her, in the days of the Athenian Oracle. She asked William Whiston, of be-rhymed name and eccentric memory, one day at her husband's table, to resolve a difficulty which occurred to her in the Mosaic account of the creation. "Since it pleased God, sir," said she, "to create the woman out of the man, why did he form her out of the rib rather than any other part?" Whiston scratched his head and answered, "Indeed, madam, I do not know, unless it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body." "There!" said her husband, "you have it now; I hope you are satisfied!" Mahomet was not the only person who has supposed that women have no souls. In this Christian and reformed country, the question was propounded to the British Apollo, whether there is now, or will be at the resurrection, any females in Heaven—since, says the questioner, there seems to be no need of them there! The society of gentlemen who (in imitation of John Dunton, his brother-in-law, the elder Wesley, and their co-adjutors) had undertaken in the journal to answer all questions, returned a grave reply, that sexes being corporeal distinctions, there could be no such distinctions among the souls which are now in bliss; neither could it exist after the resurrection, for they who partook of eternal life neither marry nor are given in marriage.

That same society supposed the devil to be an hermaphrodite, for though by his roughness they said he might be thought of the masculine gender, they were led to that opinion because he appeared so often in petticoats. "*Mulier*, quasi *mollior*," saith Varro, a derivation upon which Dr. Featley thus commenteth: "Women take their name in Latin from tenderness or softness, because they are usually of a softer temper than men, and much more subject to passions, especially of fear, grief, love, and longing; their fear is almost perpetual, their grief immoderate, their love ardent, and their longing most vehement. They are the weaker vessels, not only weaker in body than men, and less able to resist violence, but also weaker in mind, and less able to hold out in temptations; and therefore, the devil first set upon the woman as conceiving it a matter of more facility to supplant her than the man." And they are such dissemblers, says the poet,

as if their mother had been made
Only of all the falsehood of the man,
Disposed into that rib.

"Look, indeed, at the very name," said the doctor, putting on his gravest look of provocation

to the ladies—"look at the very name—*woman*, evidently meaning either *man's woe*, or abbreviated from *woe to man*, because by woman was woe brought into the world." And when a girl is called a lass, who does not perceive how that common word must have arisen? Who does not see that it may be directly traced to a mournful interjection, *alas!* breathed sorrowfully forth at the thought the girl—the lovely and innocent creature upon whom the beholder has fixed his meditative eye—would in time become a woman—a woe to man! There are other tongues in which the name is not less significant. The two most notoriously obstinate things in the world are a mule and a pig. Now, there is one language in which *pige* means a young woman, and another in which woman is denoted by the word *mulier*; which word, whatever grammarians may pretend, is plainly a comparative, applied exclusively and with peculiar force to denote the only creature in nature which is more mulish than a mule. "*Comment*," says a Frenchman (Bouchet), "*pourroit-on aymer les dames, puis qu'elles se nomment ainsi du dam et dommage qu'elles apportent aux hommes?*"

Early in the volume we are introduced to a lady who affords the best answer to this argument against woman. The DONNA OLIVA SABUCO BARRERA, born at Alcazar, in the reign of PHILIP II. wrote a book which she dedicated to that monarch, entitled a *New Philosophy of the Nature of Man*. It was a medical treatise, and her system is at least as pleasant an one as any of the ten thousand that have been suggested since for securing health and long life. It is thus described:—

A LADY'S PHILOSOPHY OF HEALTH.

She had never studied medicine, she said; but it was clear as the light of day that the old system was erroneous, and must needs be so because its founders were ignorant of the nature of man, upon which being rightly understood, the true system must of necessity be founded. Hope is what supports health and life; fear, the worst enemy of both. Among the best preservatives and restoratives she recommended therefore cheerfulness, sweet odours, music, the country, the sound of woods and waters, agreeable conversation, and pleasant pastimes. Music of all external things, she held to be that which tends most to comfort, rejoice, and strengthen the brain, being as it were a spiritual pleasure in which the mind sympathizes; and the first of all remedies, in this her true system of medicine, was to bring the mind and body into unison, removing thus that discord which is occasioned when they are ill at ease; this was to be done by administering cheerfulness, content, and hope to the mind, and in such words and actions as produced these the best medicine was contained. Next to this it imported to comfort the stomach, and to cherish the root of man, that is to say the brain, with its proper corroborants, especially with sweet odours and with music. For music was so good a remedy for melancholy, so great an alleviator of pain, such a soother of uneasy emotions, and of passion, that she marvelled wherefore so excellent a medicine should not be more in use, seeing that undoubtedly many grievous diseases, as for example epilepsy, might be disarmed and cured by it; and it would operate with the more effect if accompanied with hopeful words and grateful odours, for Donna Oliva thought with Solomon that "pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones." Consequently unpleasant sounds and ill smells were, according to her philosophy, injurious. The latter she confounded with noxious air, which was an error to be expected in those days, when nothing concerning the composition of the atmosphere had been discovered. Thus she thought it was by their ill-odour that lime-kilns and charcoal fires occasioned death; and that owing to the same cause horses were frequently killed when the filth of a stable was removed, and men were employed in cleaning vaults. Upon the same principle, in recommending perfumes as alexipharmic, she fell in with the usual practice. The plague, according

to her, might be received not by the breath alone, but at the eyes also, for through the sight there was ready access to the brain. It was prudent, therefore, to close the nostrils when there might be reason to apprehend that the air was tainted; and when conversing with an infected person, not to talk face to face, but to avert the countenance. In changing the air with the hope of escaping an endemic disease, the place to go to should be that from whence the pestilence had come, rather than one whither it might be going. Ill sounds were noxious in like manner, though not in like degree, because no discord can be so grating as to prove fatal; but any sound which is at once loud and discordant she held to be unwholesome, and that to hear any one sing badly, read ill, or talk importunately like a fool, was sufficient to cause a defluxion from the brain. If this latter opinion were well founded, no Speaker of the House of Commons could hold his office for a single session without being talked to death. With these she classed the sound of a hiccup, the whetting of a saw, and the cry of bitter lamentation. Doña Oliva, it may be presumed, was endowed with a sensitive ear and a quick perception of odours, as well as with a cheerful temper, and an active mind. Her whole course of practice was intended to cheer and comfort the patient, if that was possible. She allowed the free use of water and fresh air, and recommended that the apartments of the sick should be well ventilated. She prescribed refreshing odours, among others, that of bread fresh from the oven, and that wine should be placed near the pillow, in order to induce sleep. She even thought that cheerful apparel conducted to health, and that the fashion of wearing black, which prevailed in her time, was repugnant to reason. Pursuing her theory that the brain was the original seat of disease, she advised that the excessive moisture which would otherwise take a wrong course from thence, should be drawn off through the natural channels by sneezing powders, or by pungent odours which provoke a discharge from the eyes and nostrils, by sudorifics also, exercise, and whatever might cause a diversion to the skin. When any part was wounded or painful, or there was a tumour, she recommended compression above the part affected, with a woollen bandage, tightly bound, but not so as to occasion pain. And to comfort the root of the animal tree, she prescribes scratching the head with the fingers, or combing it with an ivory comb,—a general and admirable remedy she calls this, against which some former possessor of the book who seems to have been a practitioner upon the old system, and has frequently entered his protest against the medical heresies of the authoress, has written in the margin "bad advice." She recommended also cutting the hair, and washing the head with white wine, which as it were renovated the skin, and improved the vegetation.

In more than one of his volumes the Doctor has revelled in commentary upon names, proper and improper, Christian and un-Christian, surname and *her-name*. He returns to the boundless theme, and makes right merry with it once more,—and alas! for the last time.

PHILOSOPHY OF PROPER NAMES.

Initially he thought (always with one exception) of no other consequence than as they pleased the ear, and combined gracefully in a cypher, upon a seal or ring. But in names themselves a great deal more presents itself to a reflecting mind. Shenstone used to bless his good fortune that his name was not obnoxious to a pun. He would not have liked to have been complimented in the same strain as a certain Mr. Pegge was by an old epigrammatist:

What wonder if my friendship's force doth last
Firm to your goodness? You have pegg'd it fast.

Little could he foresee, as Dr. Southey has observed, that it was obnoxious to a rhyme in French English. In the gardens of Ermenonville, M. ——— placed this inscription to his honour:—

This plain stone
To William Shenstone.
In his writings he display'd
A mind natural;
At Leasowes he laid
Arcadian greens rural.

Poor Shenstone hardly appears more ridiculous in the frontispiece to his own works, where, in the heroic attitude of a poet who has won the prize and is about to receive the crown, he stands before Apollo in a shirt and boa, as destitute of another less dispensable part of dress as Adam in Eden, but, like Adam when innocent, not ashamed: while the shirtless God, holding a lyre in one hand, prepares with the other to place a wreath of bay upon the brow of his delighted votary. The father of Sir Joshua Reynolds fancied that if he gave his son an uncommon Christian name, it might be the means of bettering his fortune; and therefore he had him christened Joshua. It does not appear, however, that the name ever proved as convenient to the great painter as it did to Joshua Barnes. He to whose Barnesian labours Homer, and Queen Esther, and King Edward III. bear witness, was a good man and a good scholar; and a rich widow, who not imprudently inferred that he would make a good husband, gave him an opportunity by observing to him one day that Joshua made the sun and moon stand still, and significantly added that nothing could resist Joshua. The hint was not thrown away; and he never had cause to repent that he had taken, nor she that she had given it. I know not whether it was the happy-minded author of the *Worthies* and the *Church History of Britain* who proposed as an epitaph for himself the words "Fuller's Earth," or whether some one proposed it for him. But it is in his own style of thought and feeling. Nor has it any unbecoming levity, like this which is among Browne's poems:—

Here lieth in sooth
Honest John Tooth,
Whom Death on a day
From us drew away.

Or this upon a Mr. Button,

Here lieth one, God rest his soul,
Whose grave is but a button-hole.

It is not a good thing to be Tom'd or Bob'd, Jack'd or Jim'd, Sam'd or Ben'd, Natty'd or Batty'd, Neddy'd or Teddy'd, Will'd or Bill'd, Dick'd or Nick'd, Joe'd or Jerry'd, as you go through the world. And yet it is worse to have a Christian name that for its oddity shall be in every body's mouth when you are spoken of, as if it were pinned upon your back, or labelled upon your forehead. Quintin Dick, for example, which would have been still more unlucky if Mr. Dick had happened to have a cast in his eye. The Report on Parochial Registration contains a singular example of the inconvenience which may arise from giving a child an uncouth Christian name. A gentleman called Anketil Gray had occasion for a certificate of his baptism; it was known at what church he had been baptized, but on searching the register there no such name could be found; some mistake was presumed therefore, not in the entry, but in the recollection of the parties, and many other registers were examined without success. At length the first register was again recurred to, and then upon a closer investigation, they found him entered as Miss Ann Kettle Grey. * * "J'ai été toujours fort étonné," says Bayle, "que les familles qui portent un nom odieux ou ridicule, ne le quittent pas." The Leatherheads and Shufflebottoms, the Higgenses and Huggenses, the Scroggesses and Straggesses, Sheepshanks and Ramsbottoms, Taylors and Barbers, and worse than all, Butchers, would have been to Bayle as abominable as they were to Dr. Dove. "I ought," the Doctor would say, "to have a more natural dislike to the names of Kite, Hawk, Falcon, and Eagle; and yet they are to me (the first excepted) less odious than names like these; and even preferable to Bull, Bear, Pig, Hog, Fox, or Wolf. What a name," he would say, "is Lamb for a soldier, Joy for an undertaker, Rich for a pauper, or Noble for a tailor; Big for a lean or little person, and Small for one who is broad in the rear and abominous in the van. Short for a fellow six feet without his shoes, or Long for him whose high heels hardly elevate him to the height of five. Sweet for one who has either a vinegar face, or a foxey complexion. Young husband for an old bachelor. Merryweather for any one in November and February, a black spring, a cold

summer, or a wet autumn. Goodenough for a person no better than he should be: Toogood for any human creature, and Best for a subject who is perhaps too bad to be endured." Custom having given to every Christian name its *alias*, he always used either the baptismal name or its substitute, as it happened to suit his fancy, careless of what others might do. Thus he never called any woman Mary, though *Mare*, he said, being the sea, was in many respects but too emblematic of the sex. It was better to use a synonyme of better omen, and Molly therefore was to be preferred as being soft. If he accosted a vixen of that name in her worst temper, *mollyfied* her. On the contrary, he never could be induced to substitute Sally for Sarah. Sally, he said, had a salacious sound, and moreover it reminded him of rovers, which women ought not to be. Martha he called Patty, because it came pat to the tongue. Dorothy remained Dorothy, because it was neither fitting that women should be made Dolls nor Idols. Susan with him was always Sue, because women were to be sued, and Winifred Winny, because they were to be won.

To these longer extracts we add a few anecdotes:—

REV. ADAM LITTLETON.

In another sermon Adam Littleton says that "every man is made of three Egos, and has three Selves in him;" and that this "appears in the reflection of conscience upon actions of a dubious nature; whilst one Self accuses, another Self defends, and the third Self passes judgment upon what hath been so done by the man!"

STRANGE DISCOVERY.

Lord Dalmeny, son of the E. of Rosbery, married about eighty years ago a widow at Bath for her beauty. They went abroad, she sickened, and on her death-bed requested that she might be interred in some particular church-yard, either in Sussex or Suffolk, I forget which. The body was embalmed, but at the custom-house in the port where it was landed, the officers suspected smuggling, and insisted on opening it. They recognised the features of the wife of their own clergyman—who having been married to him against her own inclination, had eloped. Both husbands followed the body to the grave. The grandfather of Dr. Smith, of Norwich, knew the lord.

YAWNING.

Should a Moslem, when praying, feel himself disposed to gape, he is ordered to suppress the sensation as the work of the devil, and to close his mouth, lest the father of iniquity should enter and take possession of his person. It is curious that this opinion prevails also among the Hindoos, who twirl their fingers close before their mouths when gaping, to prevent an evil spirit from getting in that way.—GRIFFITHS.

A specimen of the Doctor's wisdom in the matter of

WISHING.

"Plust à Dieu que j'eusse présentement cent soixante et dix huit millions d'or!" says a personage in Rabelais: "*ho, comment je triumphe-rais!*" It was a good, honest, large, capacious wish; and in wishing, it is well to wish for enough. By enough in the way of riches, a man is said to mean always something more than he has. Without exposing myself to any such censorious remark, I will, like the person above quoted, limit my desires to a positive sum, and wish for just one million a-year. And what would you do with it? says Mr. Sobersides. "*Attendez encore un peu, avec demie once de patience.*"

I now esteem my venerable self
As brave a fellow, as if all that pelf
Were sure mine own; and I have thought a way
Already how to spend.

And first for my private expenditure, I would either buy a house to my mind, or build one; and should be such as a house ought to be, which I once heard a glorious agriculturist define "a house that should have in it everything that is voluptuous, and necessary, and right." In my acceptance of that felicitous definition, I request the reader to

understand that everything which is right is intended, and nothing but what is perfectly so: that is to say, I mean every possible accommodation conducive to health and comfort. It should be large enough for my friends, and not so large as to serve as an hotel for my acquaintance, and I would live in it at the rate of five thousand a year, beyond which no real and reasonable enjoyment is to be obtained by money. I would neither keep hounds, nor hunters, nor running horses. I would neither solicit nor accept a peerage. I would not go into parliament. I would take no part whatever in what is called public life, farther than to give my vote at an election against a Whig or against any one who would give his in favour of the Catholic Question. I would not wear my coat quite so threadbare as I do at present: but I would still keep to my old shoes as long as they would keep to me. But stop—Cleopatra adopted some wizard's words when she said, "Wishers were ever fools!"

We shall return to this volume for a few last gleanings.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book, 1848. By the Hon. Mrs. NORTON. London. Fisher and Co.

Fisher's Juvenile Scrap Book, 1848. By the Author of "The Women of England." London, Fisher & Co.

THESE are rather works of art, and to be reviewed under that department of THE CRITIC, than productions requiring the formal discharge of our critical duty in pronouncing a judgment upon their literary merits. Mrs. NORTON has undertaken the task, not merely of editing, but of writing the greater portion of the illustrations of the thirty-six plates that adorn the *Drawing-Room Scrap Book*; and as these are all in poetry and the subjects singularly various, and as the themes were not of her own choosing, but she was called upon to indite a certain number of rhymes upon a certain number of pictures, it would not be fair to measure her performances by the strict standard of poetry written under more favourable circumstances. Nevertheless, the difficulties considered, she has been more successful than those who understand their formidable character could have anticipated.

Among her contributors we note the names of MONCKTON MILNES, Lady DUFFERIN, the late HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE, and others. We take one poem only, by the Editress, and reserve for its proper place in the department of Art, a notice of the engravings in this splendid contribution to the drawing-room table.

THE DOCTOR'S SKILL.

Have you faith in Doctors?
Keep it if you can:
All the ills worth curing
Pass the skill of man!
Frenzy—wild ambition,
With its sudden start;
Love, whose sick dream leaveth
Palsy at the heart;
Envy slowly eating,
Canker-like, away;
Grief, that fades youth's blooming,
With a sure decay;
Toil, that wastes the body;
Care, that kills the mind;
Madness, which, like lightning,
Leaves scathed wrecks behind;
Sorrow, shedding poison
On life's blighted course;
Jealousy's slow fever;
Restless, dread remorse;
Dull desponding fancies,
Burn in hopeless hours,
Springing up like nightshade
From life's withered flowers;
Mental toil, whose struggle
Racks our aching brains;
Temples full and throbbing,
Wandering starts and pains,

Pangs that owe their sharpness
To some haunting thought,
Which the evening brings us,
As the morning brought;
Weariness of all things,
When we grope for light,
And the darkness deepens
Like a moonless night:
These can Doctors alter?
Can they lift one grain
Of the weight of torture
Off the burdened brain?
No, not they! The simples
Of the hedge and field
Hold the utmost power
All their skill can yield.
For the body's fever
Brew some cooling drink;
Drop the calming potion;
Let it sleep—not think:
For, while in that body
Works a brooding soul,
So long shall its ailments
Spurn at your control.
Much ye talk of doing,—
Little ye achieve,
But the weak and hopeful
Still the craft believe;
Still gaze in your faces,
With appealing eyes,
When on Death's dark borders
Some beloved one lies:
Deeming some great secret
Of immortal power,
In your frail hands resting,
Can delay that hour;
That a spell more potent
Stays the flickering breath,—
And the Doctor's magic
Exorcises Death!

The *Juvenile Scrap Book* has been for some years past edited by Mrs. ELLIS, who knows better than any writer of her day how to rivet the attention of youth, and, at the same time, to convey the most valuable lessons. Hence her Annual is not merely a work to please the eye; it is calculated to improve the mind. There is a design in every contribution that adorns these pages, even if it be but a stray copy of verses. The engravings, in number no less than eighteen, are better than those formerly found in the best of the annuals; and the subjects are attractive. There is a group of oaks, by STEPHENSON—a very gem; and a charming sketch of a windmill.

"The Leaning Watch-Towers at Bologna," more wonderful than the famous one at Pisa; "The Forum at Rome," worthy of a daguerreotype; a delicate little "Twilight" scene; and the best view of Venice we have ever met with: but then it is from the pencil of PROUT. Threading consists of mingled prose and poetry, essays and tales. We can take but one of them:

MY SISTER'S PEARLS.

I had a little sister once,
So loving and so gay,
The lambs upon the sunny lawn
Were not more fond of play;
Her voice was like a tiny flute—
I think I hear it yet;
The music of her merry laugh
We never shall forget.
They told me I should guard her well,
And keep her safe from harm,
Should wrap my kerchief round her neck,
And hold her with my arm;
In summer, I should pluck the bough,
Her fairy face to fan,
And watching her so tenderly,
Should grow into a man.
It happened once upon a time,
When meadow-grass was long,
We sat within a leafy bower
Listening the cuckoo's song,
My little sister said she heard
It three times more than me.
I said she did not; and there grew
A strife for mastery.
I know not how I could be wroth
With such a tiny thing;
So like a flower upon its stalk;
A snow-drop in the spring—

A lily with its dark-green leaves—
A little fairy-bell;
So much like smiles, and yet like tears,
We loved her, too, so well.

It seemed as if within my breast
An evil spirit woke;
A string of pearls was round her neck,
I snatched them, and it broke.
And now, the merry laugh is still,
My little flower is gone;
And I have but the scattered pearls
To play with all alone!

On the Suppression of Mendicancy in the Metropolis. Speech of JOHN FREDERICK STANFORD, Esq. M.A. Barrister-at-Law. London: Petherham.

THE rapid growth of mendicancy in the metropolis is unhappily too palpable to be disputed. It is a moral plague that must be stayed, or its contagion will spread among those who are now content to live by honest industry, but who will cease to work when they find that their lazy neighbours can earn a more plentiful subsistence by begging and imposture than they can do by labour. The fault rests mainly with the public, who are too ready to give alms without being assured that the object of their bounty deserves it. The truth is, that ninety-nine in every hundred of the beggars in the streets of London are impostors, and worse—thieves as well as vagabonds. To give to them is to encourage idleness; and, instead of a virtue, such charity is really a sin. The speech before us is a bold attempt to rouse the public to a sense of the duty of forbearance from giving alms to any beggar. If this rule were adopted, the mischief would speedily be suppressed. Mr. STANFORD also invokes the aid of the Government and parochial authorities. We wish him success in his patriotic enterprise.

Literary and Historical Memorials of London. By J. HENEAGE JESSE. In 2 vols. London, 1847.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WHITEHALL suggests the following romantic particulars, whose interest will apologise for their length, of

THE FLIGHT OF JAMES II.

On the evening of the 6th of December, 1688, the King, without previously communicating his intentions to the Queen, sent for the Count de Lauzun, the well-known favourite of Louis XIV. and desired him to make instant preparations for her departure: he then retired, harassed and miserable, to bed. Every thing having been duly prepared, at the appointed hour the Count de Lauzun, accompanied by Monsieur de St. Victor, proceeded to the King's apartment, and informed him of the steps they had taken. James instantly rose from his bed, and proceeded to awake the Queen, who being unexpectedly made aware of the plan which was laid for her sudden departure, threw herself at her husband's feet, and, in a passion of grief, implored him to allow her to remain, and share the dangers which surrounded him. James, however, was inflexible, and gave orders that the two nurses of the Prince should be awakened. When the infant was brought into the room, the feelings of the father overcame his usual coldness, and tenderly embracing his child, he gave the most particular injunctions to the Count de Lauzun to watch carefully over his charge. It was now between three and four o'clock in the morning, in the most inclement season of the year, when the Queen, carrying her infant in her arms, stole in disguise down the back stairs at Whitehall, to the private water entrance leading to the Thames. The fugitives seem to have been in great dread that the cries of the royal infant would attract the attention of the guards; fortunately, however, it slept, equally unconscious of the inclemency of the elements and of the change which was taking place in its own fortunes. At the foot of the stairs an open boat was in readiness, in which, in almost total darkness, with the discomforts of a high wind, a heavy rain, and the Thames being unusually tempestuous and swollen,

the unfortunate Queen and her attendants crossed the river to Lambeth. A coach had been hired, but, by some accident, it was delayed. "During the time that she was kept waiting," says Dalrymple, "she took shelter under the walls of an old church at Lambeth, turning her eyes, streaming with tears, sometimes upon the Prince, unconscious of the miseries which attend upon royalty, and who upon that account raised the greater compassion in her breast, and sometimes at the innumerable lights of the city, amidst the glimmerings of which she in vain explored the palace in which her husband was left, and started at every sound she heard from thence." While in this disagreeable situation, the fugitives had a narrow escape from discovery. "The Queen," says Father Orleans, "waiting in the rain under the church wall for a coach, the curiosity of a man, who happened to come out of a neighbouring inn with a light, gave considerable cause of alarm. He was making towards the spot where she was standing, when Riva, one of her attendants, suddenly rushed forward and jostled him, so that they both fell into the mire. It was a happy diversion, as the stranger, believing it to be the result of accident, they both apologised, and so the matter ended." From Lambeth the Queen proceeded by land to Gravesend, where a vessel was waiting for her, in which, after a safe and expeditious voyage, she arrived at Calais about four o'clock on the following afternoon. The moment had now arrived when the unfortunate James found it imperative to consult his own safety. Accordingly, on the night previous to his flight, he communicated his determination to the Duke of Northumberland, the lord in waiting, desiring him on his allegiance, to keep it a profound secret, till the necessity for concealment should no longer exist. On the following morning, the 11th of December, about three o'clock, the King withdrew from Whitehall by the private water entrance to the palace, and entered a boat, which was in waiting for him. The next morning the King's ante-chamber at Whitehall was thronged as usual by the officers of state, the gentlemen of his household, and others who were in the habit of attending his levee, and their surprise was excessive when, on the door of the bedchamber being thrown open, instead of the King, the Duke of Northumberland made his appearance, and informed them of his Majesty's flight. Having performed this last act of kindness for his Sovereign, the duke, who was a natural son of Charles II. immediately placed himself at the head of his regiment of Guards, and declared for the Prince of Orange.

James, in the meantime, had proceeded as far as Faversham, where he was boarded by a boat, containing thirty-six armed men, who, ignorant of his rank, and mistaking him for a fugitive Roman Catholic priest, detained and ill-treated him in the most shameful manner. During the progress of these events, the Prince of Orange had advanced as far as Windsor, and as it was unquestionably his interest that James should quit the kingdom, he was naturally annoyed and disconcerted at the King's progress having been arrested. The Prince immediately despatched a messenger to his persecuted father-in-law, desiring him on no account to proceed nearer to London than Rochester. The dispatch, however, arrived too late, for James was already far advanced on his way to London, and at night his return to the metropolis was hailed by the ringing of bells, the blazing of bonfires, and every manifestation of popular delight. Reresby, a contemporary writer, mentions the "loud huzzas" which were heard as the King passed through the City, and Father Orleans also observes, "This was a day of triumph: no man ever remembered to have seen the like; ringing of bells, bonfires, and all the solemnities that are usually exhibited to testify joy, were practised on this occasion." But when James for the last time re-entered the ancient palace of Whitehall, he found its gorgeous chambers almost deserted. Gratifying as must have been the evidences of reviving loyalty which were even now ringing in his ear, they proved of no substantial advantage to the fallen monarch. The herd of sycophants and time-servers had already gone to worship the rising sun. He was approached but

by few persons of distinction, and had the mortification of seeing Dutch sentries doing duty beneath his windows. James was in bed at Whitehall, and was probably but little inclined to sleep, when, about midnight, his privacy was broken in upon by Lords Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Delamere, who informed him that he must quit London the next morning. For the purpose of being near the sea-coast, he requested that he might be allowed to make Rochester his residence, and, as it suited the views of his adversaries, his request was readily granted. He was conveyed down the river, attended by a Dutch guard, on a very tempestuous night, not without danger from the elements as well as from man. He remained at Rochester till the 23rd of December, when, on another dark and stormy night, he proceeded, with his natural son, the Duke of Berwick, and two other faithful followers, in a small boat, down the river Medway, and about midnight reached a sailing-vessel, which was expecting him near the fort at Sheerness. After encountering much adverse and boisterous weather, the fugitives, on Christmas-day 1688, arrived safely at Ambleteuse in Picardy.

The Tower of London, with its historical reminiscences, occupies a large space in Mr. JESSE's volumes. He relates a fact of which we were not before aware. "There still exists," he says, "a curious and ancient ceremony connected with the opening and closing of the Tower gates. In the morning, the yeoman-porter, attended by a serjeant's guard, proceeds to the governor's house, where the keys of the fortress are delivered to him. From hence he proceeds to open the three gates; and, as the keys pass and repass, the soldiers on duty lower their arms. The yeoman-porter then returns to the innermost gate, and calls on the warders in waiting to take in Queen Victoria's keys; on which the gate is opened, and the keys are lodged in the warder's hall till night-time. At the closing of the gates, the same formalities are used as in the morning. As soon as the gates are shut, the yeoman-porter, followed by a serjeant's guard, proceeds to the main guard, who are all under arms, with the officer on duty at their head. The usual challenge from the main guard is, 'Who comes here?' To which the yeoman porter answers, 'The keys.' The challenger returns, 'Pass, keys.' As they pass, the main guard lower their arms; on which the yeoman-porter exclaims, 'God save Queen Victoria,' and the guards answer, with loud voices, 'Amen.' The yeoman-porter then proceeds with his guard to the governor's house, where the keys are lodged for the night."

We fear lest we have already trespassed too much upon the patience of the reader, and gleaned too profusely from these tempting pages. We will take but one more passage—it will be long, but full of interest—and then close these volumes with a hearty commendation of them to the regards of our readers.

Mr. JESSE invites us to accompany him on

A ROW FROM WESTMINSTER TO THE TOWER.

In proceeding by water from Westminster to the Tower, the first spot of interest which we pass is the site of the old palace of Whitehall, with its traces of the ancient water entrance where our monarchs were accustomed to embark in all their splendour and triumph from the days of Henry VIII. to those of the last of the Stuarts. Further on are the gardens of Northumberland House, which formerly extended to the water; and, adjoining them, Hungerford-market points out the site of the London residence of the powerful family of the Hungerfords of Farleigh, in Wiltshire, whose mansion was pulled down by Sir Edward Hungerford, in the reign of Charles II. A little beyond Hungerford-market stood York House, formerly the inn or residence of the Bishops of Norwich, and afterwards of the Archbishops of York. Here lived the celebrated Lord Chancellor Egerton, and

here the great Bacon was born: here, also, in the days of his magnificence, lived the great favourite, George Villiers Duke of Buckingham, and from its beautiful gateway—the work of Inigo Jones—which is still an ornament to the river, he must often have passed to his sumptuous barge, in all the pomp and pride of human greatness.

Close to York House stood Durham House, the residence of the Bishops of Durham, now occupied by Durham-yard and the Adelphi. In July, 1258, at a time when the treachery and insincerity of Henry III. the exactions with which he oppressed his unfortunate subjects, and his contempt of all solemn obligations, threatened to draw down upon him the judgments of Heaven and the anathemas of the Church, we find the misguided monarch entering his barge at Westminster-stairs, and passing down the river towards the Tower. He had proceeded only a short distance when the sky became obscured, and so violent a storm of thunder and lightning followed, that Henry, who was at all times terrified by any conflict of the elements, ordered the rowers to put him on shore. The barge was nearly opposite Durham House, which was then occupied by Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who had married the king's sister, and who was at the head of the associated barons, with whom Henry was then on the worst terms. The earl, perceiving the approach of the royal barge, hastened to receive the king on his landing, and, after respectfully saluting him, endeavoured to dispel his fears. "Your Majesty," he said, "should not be afraid since the tempest is over." At these words, the king's countenance put on a severe expression, and he exclaimed passionately, "Above measure I dread thunder and lightning; but, by the head of God, I am in more terror of thee than of all the thunder and lightning in the world." Next to Durham House stood Salisbury House, built by Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, in the reign of James I.; and adjoining it stood Worcester House, the site of which is now covered with Beaufort-buildings. Farther on, extending as far as Waterloo Bridge, stood the magnificent palace of the Savoy—the residence of the great Plantagenets, Dukes of Lancaster—the place of captivity of John King of France, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Poitiers—and which was devoted by Wat Tyler to the flames in 1381, from the hatred which he bore to its owner, the celebrated John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. Somerset House, which stands on the site of the famous palace erected by the Protector, Duke of Somerset, recalls a host of interesting associations. Beyond it stood Bath's Inn, the residence of the Bishops of Bath and Wells, till the reign of Edward VI. It afterwards became the property of the celebrated High Admiral Lord Thomas Seymour, and was one of the scenes of his "indecent dalliance" with the Princess Elizabeth, during the lifetime of her sister, Queen Mary. Subsequently it became the residence of the Howards, Earls of Arundel and Dukes of Norfolk, whose titles are still preserved in Arundel-stairs and Surrey-stairs. Between the site of Arundel House and the Temple, "Essex-stairs" points out the spot where stood the garden or water entrance to Essex House, once the residence of the ill-fated favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and the scene of his conspiracy against his royal mistress. The Temple Garden—whether we people it in imagination with the Knights Templars of the olden time, or with the many learned and peaceful men who have since sauntered beneath its green avenues—is a spot especially interesting. Here it is, in his play of *Henry the Sixth*, that Shakspeare places the scene between Richard Plantagenet and the Earl of Somerset, when, in hot blood, they quitted the Temple Hall for the secluded garden, and where the contention took place which, in the subsequent bloody quarrel between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, gave rise to the party distinctions of the White and Red Rose.

Adjoining the Temple was Alsatia, the place of refuge for the outcasts of society in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. now, perhaps, principally familiar to the reader from Scott's admirable romance, the *Fortunes of Nigel*. Immediately to the east stood the church and convent of the

Carmelites, or White Friars—a name preserved within the last century in "Whitefriars-stairs"—and close to it is the site of Dorset House, formerly the residence of the Bishops of Salisbury, and afterwards inhabited by the celebrated Thomas Sackville Earl of Dorset. Here he composed his tragedy of *Porrex and Ferrex*, which was performed before Queen Elizabeth, at Whitehall, and here more than one of his successors, a race of warriors and poets, breathed their last. We next pass by the site of Bridewell, a formidable castle in the days of William the Conqueror, and the favourite palace of our early Norman sovereigns. Its walls were formerly washed by the clear waters of the Fleet River—a name afterwards degraded into the Fleet Ditch—which Pope has immortalised in his *Dunciad*. When London was anciently a fortified city, the great wall ran along the Fleet Ditch, extending to the river nearly where Blackfriars-bridge now stands. Within the walls stood the great house of the Dominicans, or Black Friars, a spot famous in the history of our country. Proceeding in our progress down the river, we pass under the shadow of the great cathedral of St. Paul. At its foot is Queenhithe, or Queen's Harbour—anciently called Edred's-hithe—the spot where vessels discharged their cargoes as early as the days of the Saxons. We find it royal property in the time of King Stephen, who bestowed it on William de Ypres, who, in his turn, conferred it on the convent of the Holy Trinity, "within Aldgate." In the reign of Henry III. it again came into the possession of the Crown: the vessels which brought corn from the Cinque Ports were compelled to land their cargoes here; and apparently, from the harbour-dues being conferred on the Queen, it obtained its name of *Ripa Regine*, or Queen's-wharf. On the opposite or southern bank—between Blackfriars-bridge and Southwark-bridge—is Bankside. Here was the Globe Theatre, immortalised as the spot where Shakespeare trod the stage; here was the celebrated "Paris Garden;" here stood the circuses for "bowll-baying" and "beare-bayting," where Queen Elizabeth entertained the French ambassadors with the bating of wild beasts; here stood the Falcon Tavern, the daily resort of Shakespeare and his dramatic companions—the "Folken Ine," as it is styled in the ancient plans of Bankside—and here also, between Southwark-bridge and London-bridge, were the "pike ponds" which supplied our monarchs with fresh-water fish, and adjoining them the park and palace of the Bishops of Winchester.

DECORATIVE ART.

DECORATIVE ART-UNION.

THE announcement of this design has produced quite an excitement. It seems to have attracted universal attention, and, better still, to be universally approved. Offers of active support are flowing in from all parts of the country, and there is no doubt that the machine needs but to be set in motion to become, at least, as great a one as its elder brother, the *Pictorial Art-Union*. We defer the publication of a formal prospectus, that we may receive as many suggestions as possible, for the better maturing of the design. We ask advice and assistance from all whom the proposition has interested.

It is our intention, as soon as the prospectus is prepared, to ask our readers throughout the country, to name fitting agents by whom subscribers may be received. We shall then take an office convenient for the purpose, organise an active committee, and endeavour so to forward the enterprise, that the first exhibition and the first distribution may take place in June next.

There is a point in which we should like opinions. Should the subscription be a guinea, or half a guinea? The former would permit some object of Decorative Art to be given to each subscriber, which the latter would not.

DECORATIVE ART-UNION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I have just ended a thoughtful perusal of the very excellent plan on which you propose to establish a Decorative Art-Union, and cannot but avail myself of the present opportunity to make known to you my high gratification on finding that such a suggestion has been thrown out, feeling assured, so resistless is the impulse of artistic improvement (indeed, so much so, as almost to have become an universal passion), that the design of organising such an institution needs but to be known to be fully and unreservedly responded to.

We can conceive that in the earlier and mediæval ages such a project had been as impracticable in execution as it had been novel in idea; happily, however, mutation has given us unnumbered advantages in this respect, for so completely have we combined the principle of practical utility and that of congruity of ornament with the commonest transactions of life, and the tritest efforts of mechanical skill, that, to myself at least, it appears a matter of surprise that the class of artisans for whom you have manifested so much forethought, should have been hitherto neglected; that they should have remained without ought save the petty earnings of toil to incite them to advance the highest interests of their respective industrial pursuits, and to fire them with that just emulation so conducive to the progress and perfection of art, and, of sequence, the advancement of national prosperity, social happiness, and individual comfort. To you are we indebted for having suggested a plan, by the accomplishment of which these inducements may yet be held out; and it behoves all, anxious for their own well-being and that of others, to offer themselves staunch and uncompromising adherents to a movement as vast in aim as it is beneficial in effect.

With regard to the Art-Union, it must be conceded that it is a society attended with salutary results, inasmuch as it tends to the advancement of the Fine Arts, and the better appreciation of works of taste, and one which deserves (notwithstanding the several extrinsic constitutional discrepancies judiciously pointed out by you) all the encouragement its peculiar nature demands; at the same time we must not abandon the useful by an overweening partiality for the ornamental—disrelish the necessary diet of life, so to speak, for the superfluous seasoning. I would not attempt to depreciate the worth and influence of a cleverly-executed picture. Insensate, indeed, is that soul which thrills not while dilating upon the sublimities of a Raphael, or the master-strokes of a Danby; still, I do say, that the industrial arts have hitherto escaped that attention to which they have justly made claim. Indeed, I would not the walls of our apartments were stripped of the glowing canvas which the painter's magic pencil has peopled with living forms of light and beauty: nevertheless, it is repugnant to our notions of propriety and taste to behold heedlessly the works of such choice spirits environed, it may be, with the gross outrages of interior decoration, such, for instance, as the fruitless attempt to imitate the grain of oak, satinwood, or the like (a not uncommon hallucination of the house-painter!) or, it may be, in close proximity to an ill-designed cheffonier, an unseemly scrutoire, or an ugly fire-screen. This, alas! is too often the case; and hence the desirability of maturing your plan—that the time may be not far remote when the Decorative Art, having overtaken the Fine Arts, shall continue in progressing in one unbroken current towards perfection.

To achieve this, great effort must be brought to bear, and all should simultaneously, and at once, commence the work. As one sworn to the cause of progress, I pledge myself to aid it to the fullest extent of my humble means and capabilities—feeling, as I have before intimated, convinced that its consummation will be calculated to produce a wonderful amount of good.

Apologising for thus trespassing upon your invaluable time, and assuring you of my willingness that you should avail yourself of the fullest use of this communication, I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JOHN GREET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I highly approve of your plan for the formation of a Decorative Art-Union, and shall have much pleasure in becoming a subscriber, if it is brought to maturity. I think it would be very desirable that you should give your readers, a little more in detail, the proposed method of distributing the prizes; viz. whether, as is the case with the Art-Union, there will be some little ornament given to each subscriber, which, I think, might readily be done, as many varieties of elegant and useful articles of furniture might

be made (wholesale) at a very trifling cost? Also, whether successful drawers are to choose their own prizes, or take those allotted them by the committee? I should be glad to get subscribers, but I feel I could not do so readily, till your plans are a little more developed. Allow me to suggest to you how desirable it is to affix the price and size of all the new works reviewed in *THE CRITIC*. I have frequently suffered inconvenience from its occasional omission. Thanking you for the gratification I derive weekly from the perusal of your ably-conducted journal, and with my best wishes for your continued prosperity, I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

W. FRANCIS.

Pershore, Worcestershire, October 21, 1847.

[As soon as the subject has been considered by our readers, we shall present a prospectus. The prices of the books stated would subject each notice to advertisement duty.—Ed. Critic.]

ART.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

A WRITER in the *Times* of Monday asserted that the Art Union Committee were about to squander the money of the subscribers by purchasing a house and offices, for which he said 10,000*l.* were offered. The Secretary to the Art Union has contradicted some of the details of the statement, adding, that if offices be purchased, a special fund will be raised for the purpose. The prints distributed to the subscribers up to March have just been published. They are of a very common-place and inferior order. —The picture, by Mr. Allom, commemorative of the presentation, at Windsor Castle, of an address from the Corporation of London to his Majesty the King of the French, is now finished,—and has been presented, through the Lord Mayor, to the City Corporation. The picture has been placed in the Mansion House provisionally, until a committee shall decide on the scene of its permanent location. —According to the late researches of Mr. Stanislas Julien, of the F. I. the making of iron or other metal ships is not a discovery of the present century. The celebrated Chinese philosopher, Hoai-Haw-Tse, speaks of vessels made entirely of iron 156 years before Christ. —The *Builder* sneers at the improvement to the Royal Palace, "which has been carried up very rapidly, and has now reached its height, with the exception of the central portion. Its characteristic is littleness: of monumental character, originality, elegance, there is none. So far from being more than an ordinary piece of street architecture, it is infinitely less striking than some that could be named. The state entrance is singularly mean and shabby."

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book for 1848.
London: Fisher and Co.

THE literary portion of this beautiful volume is noticed in its proper place. Here we have to deal only with the Engravings.

Of these there are no fewer than thirty-eight,—opening with HERBERT's powerful picture of "Marino Faliero," which has been superbly engraved by ROBINSON; and as a frontispiece we have LUCAS's clever portrait of the Princess Royal. The subjects consist of landscapes, city scenes, interiors, portraits, and compositions—HERBERT contributing the greater number and the best of the latter. But we must except CATTERMOLLE, whose "Duenna" is a charming picture,—such a face—such a form! CORBAULD's "Masquerade" also deserves special notice, for the expression which has been thrown into it by the engraver PENSTONE. Another favourite will be REDGRAVE's remarkable picture, "Waking Dreams." Of the landscapes, the finest is that of Eaux Bonnes, in the Pyrennees. In portraits there will be none so attractive as Miss F. CORBEAUX's delightfully natural sketch of the three children of CHARLES S. DICKENS, Esq. Of street scenery, the most notable is the view of the Town Hall, Ghent; and from China there has been imported a curious picture of "A Dinner-party at a Mandarin's House." This is, indeed, what it is termed, a book for the drawing-room,—an annual record, as it were, of the progress of art.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Two new instruments of music, the one a kind of hautbois, and the other a galombet, have been tried, with good effect, by the military bands of Paris.—The Sacred Harmonic Society will recommence its operations early next month with a performance of the "Elijah,"—which work is to be given, about the same time, under its composer's direction, in the Riding School at Vienna.—M. Picourt has completed his bust of Madlle. Alboni. The character of the head and the expression of the features are well preserved. The great contralto is represented in her natural headgear, and appears as smiling as if she were about to repeat the "Brindisi" in *Lucrezia Borgia*. M. Picourt has taken immense pains to procure an exact likeness. Madlle. Alboni sat to him several times.—The Londoners will soon have an opportunity of judging for themselves of the music of M. Berlioz. The contract of that gentleman with M. Jullien includes four grand concerts, consisting of his compositions.—Mr. Edward Loder is composing an opera for the Drury-lane company, founded on Sheridan's play of *Pizarro*. He is also completing an opera for the Princess's, on the subject of the "Last Days of Pompeii."—Paris has been visited by a musical phenomenon, Madlle. Geiger, a child eleven years old, whose musical compositions are said to rival those of Meyerbeer. She has composed the music of an opera called *L'Imaginaire Sacra*, which is to be reprinted at Vienna.—Madame Learti, late Miss Susan Hobbs, is at Paris studying under Signor Emanuel Garcia, the master of Pauline Garcia and Jenny Lind. Report speaks most favourably of the talents of our fair countrywoman, whose style is said to resemble that of the Swedish nightingale.

Three Part Songs for Four Voices. Music by G. SCHWARZ. Words by S. S. GREATHEED. SONGS written according to the Sequential system of musical notation, which Mr. GREATHEED is so energetic in his endeavours to introduce. As we have not leisure to learn the system, we are unable to read, and therefore to pass an opinion on the songs. We can only note the fact of their publication, for the use of those who prefer the new system to the old one.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRICAL CHRONICLE.—The theatres have produced nothing new, nor do managers promise any. Enterprise is limited to revivals, the most notable of the week being that of *Taming the Shrew*. We do not expect to have much in the way of novelty to record until parliament has met, and the London season fairly commenced.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean are playing with great success at Manchester.—A smart vaudeville, entitled *Le Chevalier d'Esoune*, has been offered to the public at Paris, and very favourably received. A young actress, Mdlle. Renaud, made her *début* on this occasion, and promises to be an agreeable acquisition to the troupe.—The committee of the Shakespeare fund have addressed a circular to actors and other persons whose assistance is sought, to solicit their gratuitous exertions on the occasion of a grand performance, proposed to be given at the Italian opera, Covent-garden, in aid of the above fund. It is the intention to represent scenes and selections from the plays of the great poet by all the different London actors who have embodied his marvellous creations.—One of the forthcoming novelties at the Lyceum will be a comedy by Shirley Brooks. He has already given great promise of dramatic capability in the point, polish, and epigrammatic terseness of his dialogue; and more attention to the construction of his plots would place him in the rank of many of our best living dramatists.—All the gas-fittings at the Lyceum—some of which, by-the-bye, obstruct the view of the stage from certain parts of the boxes, have been supplied free of cost to the management by one of the com-

peting gas companies which are at present contending for supremacy.

SADLER'S WELLS.—It is unpleasant to speak otherwise than favourably of a performance at an establishment that has earned such reputation in fostering the drama, but duty obliges us to say, the revival of Dr. HOLCROFT'S *Road to Ruin* has not equalled our anticipations;—it is suggestive whether the requisites for comedy are innate in the company, or equal to its higher efforts in tragedy. We think not. Mr. PHELPS, as *Old Dorn-ton*, losing sight of the touch of testiness in the character, was the exponent of a man whose sternness, amounting almost to inflexibility, but ill accorded with the wavering indecision germinating in his fraternal love; whilst the *Harry Dorn-ton* of Mr. MARSTON, lacked that volatile quality so essential to the character; neither was Miss COOPER—talented as she is—more happy as the giddy *Sophia*: the joyousness of the pretty romp was forced—the laugh smacked of care; in short, the tinge of tragedy was perceptible in all. *Goldfinch*—one of MATHEWS'S (of glorious memory) pet characters—was respectably sustained by Mr. HOSKINS; the *Silky* of Mr. YONGE was, however, excellent: he seemed completely to identify himself with the character; he was the *Silky*, and not the conventional one of the stage—a rare quality in an actor, and as rarely appreciated. In speaking of Messrs. PHELPS and MARSTON, we would record our opinion that they failed not from lack of talent or careful study, but simply because their phase is not comedy. The recollection of the veteran DOWTON'S old *Dorn-ton* is still fresh; and in the comparison any actor must suffer; but we would rather have been excused from witnessing any attempt of his in tragedy—albeit in the pathetic he was excellent. How strange, that HOLCROFT, who could draw so fine a character of a kind, forgiving parent, was himself the most tyrannical of fathers!

STRAND THEATRE.—On Tuesday evening we visited the above neat little theatre. The entertainment was characterised by the performance of a domestic drama, entitled *The Bottle*, from the able pen of FOX COOPER, Esq. It proved highly attractive, and deservedly so,—for we are bound to admit that it has all the advantages of scenic and musical effect. We understand that it is in contemplation to bring out, in a few days, an entirely new operatic extravaganza, —*Giovanni Returned*; or, *The Libertine once more*,—likewise the production of the ingenious F. COOPER. We trust that it will meet with as much success as the above.

NECROLOGY.

DR. WATT.

GLASGOW has lost her able city statist, Dr. Watt, who has been cut off rather suddenly by paralysis. He was formerly professor of astronomy in the Andersonian University, and afterwards cathedral warden, from which he was removed to succeed the famous Dr. Cleland in the office now vacant by his own death. The *Courier* says: "Dr. Watt was one of the founders of the science of vital statistics, and materially strengthened the hands of Mr. Farr, of the General Registration Office, the originator of the sanitary movement at present occupying so much of public attention."

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, &c.

A Report on the Sanatory Condition of the Borough of Sheffield. By JAMES HAYWOOD, Professional Chemist, and WILLIAM LEE, C. E. London, 1847. C. Knight.

ANOTHER startling mass of evidence proving the urgent necessity for sanatory regulations under government direction, but conducted by the local authorities. It is a very model of such a document, accurate and careful in its details, broad, bold, and sweeping in its conclusions. Streets and courts are visited in their order, their filth is fearlessly described, nor is aught concealed out of respect to neglectful landlords or indolent tenants. Names are given as assurances of truth, and then follows a series of proposals of remedial measures.

Foremost among these, and to our readers, who are watching the progress of the Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company in their great national enterprise, first in interest, is the re-

commendation that the sewage should be taken and applied in a liquid form to the surrounding lands. The reporters enter into minute and careful calculation to shew the value of the fertilizing matter contained in the refuse of such a town as Sheffield, having 110,000 inhabitants. The result more than confirms all that had been previously conjectured on this subject. The produce of the refuse of the 110,000 inhabitants of Sheffield is thus stated:—

Potash and soda.....	1,193,500 lbs. or about 537 tons.
Lime and magnesia ..	818,400 do. or about 365 do.
Phosphoric acid	1,173,700 do. or about 524 do.
Nitrogen	1,683,800 do. or about 751 do.

Here, then, is an amount of tillage, now principally lost, capable of supplying the elementary constituents of 63,886 acres of wheat, or of keeping more than 100,000 acres in a constant state of fertility on the four course system of farming. The money value of such refuse can easily be ascertained by comparing the weight of fertilizing ingredients contained in it, with those found in other manures selling for a certain sum. For instance, if we consider the phosphates to be the most important constituents, as they undoubtedly are in all ordinary manures, we shall find that there is a greater quantity excreted by the inhabitants of Sheffield, in one year, than is contained in 3,140 tons of Peruvian guano, while the amount of nitrogen and alkaline salts is more than treble the amount contained in that quantity. Hence an estimate of 30,000*l.* being about the cost of 3,000 tons of guano, would be rather under than over the intrinsic annual value of the refuse of this town; and if we consider the phosphoric acid to be the only valuable constituent, and in a similar way compare it with bones, which can furnish nothing else, we shall find that this material alone has an annual value of nearly 10,000*l.* for bones seldom contain as much as one-third of their weight of this acid, so that about 1,660 tons, costing 6*l.* per ton, would be equivalent to that contained in the refuse.

Again, let us apply this very careful estimate to the metropolis.

If Sheffield, with its 110,000 inhabitants, produce that which is equivalent to 3,140 tons of guano, in value 30,000*l.* and sufficient to fertilise more than 100,000 acres of land, the refuse of London, with its 2,000,000 of inhabitants, would be equivalent to 56,520 tons of guano, its value 540,000*l.*; its fertilising power would suffice for 1,800,000 acres of land!

Does not this more than justify the estimates of the profits expected by the Metropolitan Sewage Company, which we some time since laid before our readers? Were they not, in fact, considerably within the mark?

METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—The enclosed extract from a newspaper report of the recent meeting of scientific agriculturists at Sir ROBERT PEEL'S speaks volumes in favour of the Metropolitan Sewage Manure scheme so ably and patriotically advocated in your journal; you may therefore be disposed to give further publicity to the Rev. Mr. HUXTABLE'S statement.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

PHILO-SEWAGE.

The Rev. Mr. Huxtable contributed a few of his valuable facts. "In my own parish, five years ago, there being many labourers out of employ, I obtained the consent of my landlord, Mr. Stuart, to break up the whole of the grass lands of a small dairy farm. It consisted of 95 acres, 10 of which only were then under the plough. When I entered on the occupation, the farm supported 14 dairy cows, and grew 48 bushels of wheat and 40 bushels of beans. Now it annually produces 1,600 bushels of wheat; 40 head of cattle, cows, yearlings, and calves, and 100 sheep are fatted, and 80 pigs; and where 34 labourers were employed, 12 are now sustained all the year round. But the farm, gentlemen, labours under one embarrassment, such a one as I wish you all felt—such an

accumulation of manure, that, with the fear of laid wheat crops before my eyes, I know not where to place it." He explained the method employed to prepare the manure from "boarded cattle." "First, the liquid manure flows into large tanks; below them is another, which I call the mixing tank, for in it the manure is diluted with water to any degree which the state of the weather may require; the rule being, that in proportion to the increase of temperature must be the increase of dilution, viz. the hotter the weather, the weaker should be the manure applied. In order to avoid the expensive and often injurious water-cart, I have laid down, over the highest part of my farm, a main of green elm pipe, of two inches diameter, bored in the solid wood; at every hundred yards distance is an upright post, bored in the same manner, with a nozzle: a forcing-pump fixed at the mixing tank discharges along these pipes, buried two feet in the ground, the fluid with a pressure of 40 feet; of course, it rushes up those pierced columns, and will discharge itself with great velocity through the nozzle; to this I attach first of all 40 yards of hose, and thence with water all the grass which it can reach: to the end of this hose another 40 yards of hose is attached, and a still larger portion of the surface is irrigated; and so on for as many 40 yards as are required. When enough has been irrigated at the first upright, the nozzle is plugged, and the fluid is discharged at the next 100 yards distanced column, and so on. For this application of the hose I am entirely indebted to that most able man, Mr. Edwin Chadwick; the green elm pipe is my own contrivance. The cost of the prepared canvas hose, which was obtained of Mr. Holland, of Manchester, was 1s. a yard; the wooden pipes cost me only 1s. and being underground, they will be most enduring. By an outlay of 30l. I can thus irrigate 40 acres of land; and see how inexpensive, compared with the use of the water-cart and horse, is the application. A lad of fifteen works the forcing-pump; the attaching the hose and its management required a man and a boy; with these, equivalent to two men, I can easily water two acres a-day, at the rate of 40 hogsheads per acre of the best manure in the world."

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

EDUCATION OF THE IDIOT.

ONE of the most beautiful and interesting experiments to which humanity is susceptible, and which has been tried with great advantage in several parts of the Continent, it is now proposed to attempt in this country, where we trust it will be equally successful. We allude to the foundation of an Educational Asylum for the Idiot, on behalf of which a highly influential public meeting was held on Wednesday, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, the Lord Mayor in the chair; many gentlemen of well-known philanthropy and intelligence, and of the most various sects and parties, being present and joining in the proceedings, or giving their names as contributors to the funds.

The movers and seconders of the resolutions were, the Rev. Dr. Reed (the benevolent originator, we believe, of the Orphan Asylum, as well as of this), and Mr. Charles Gilpin, who read the address (which touches with much pathos and emphasis on the fact, that amid all the special provisions for other sufferers in the metropolis, the poor idiot should so long have been totally neglected); Mr. Under-Sheriff Wire, Dr. Little, the Rev. W. W. Champneys, Mr. John Wilkes (who furnished a mass of most interesting statistical information), Mr. George Thompson, M.P. Dr. Carlyle, Mr. John Scobell, Mr. Spencer T. Hall (now Secretary to the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment), Mr. Sheriff Cubitt, Mr. Benjamin Klogg, &c.

The following noblemen and gentlemen were elected presidents, vice-presidents, &c.:—The Earl of Eldon, Lord Ashley, Lord Dudley Stuart, Lord Robert Grosvenor, the Lord Mayor, Lord Palmerston, Lord Calthorpe, Lord Stratford, Baron Rothschild, C. Lushington, esq. M.P., Samuel Morton Peto, esq. M.P., Rev. Dr. Mortimer, Rev. Dr. Holloway, Samuel Jones Loyd, esq., J. Abel Smith, esq., Mr. Alderman Challis, Mr. Alderman Hunter, Sir Charles Forbes, Ralph Osborne, esq. M.P., Dr. Forbes, George Thompson, esq. M.P., John Masterman, esq. M.P., H. Labouchere, esq. M.P., Sir W. Clay, M.P., R. Heathcote, esq. M.P., Mr. Alderman Sidney, M.P., Sir Peter Laurie, &c.

Donations to the amount of 300l. were announced at the table on the close of the proceedings, which were animated throughout by a thoroughly earnest spirit. And though it is not possible for us to enter upon a comprehensive report, the plan has our hearty approbation; for we fully agree with the remarks of Mr. SPENCER HALL on the occasion, when

he said it was gratifying to see that the human ingenuity, which had been so often tortured in training birds and beasts to feats for which nature never intended them, was at length about to be devoted to the improvement of so large a class of the less fortunate and intelligent of our own species, and whose acquirements would be of more real use to society, as well as to themselves, than would the highest possible accomplishments of the inferior creation. Nor did Mr. H. speak without some practical knowledge of the question; "for," continued he, "in the little Nottinghamshire town of which I am a native, were two unfortunate boys, idiotic from infancy. One was so far neglected, owing to the poverty of his parents, or other causes, that, before reaching maturity, his joints had become ankylosed from inaction, his sinews contracted from constant sitting, his sight destroyed from perpetual gazing at the fire, and, totally unable to help himself, he was scarcely less stolid in death than he had been when alive. The other, who originally had really less of constitutional capability than the first, I happened to have a domestic interest in, and for a considerable time was his companion and tutor. Our method of treating him was as natural and simple as possible; yet there was always in it an eye to his mental as well as physical improvement. Of course, the development of intellect in such a case will bear but little comparison with the light of genius; and yet, now that that poor boy has grown to be a man of thirty years, I can perceive an advance upon his original condition as great in proportion as that made by some of the brightest minds in a corresponding space of time. He is not only capable of taking care of himself and enjoying life, but in various ways of rendering help to others, and is on many points of some importance perfectly intelligent, and of an unusually kind, orderly, and affectionate disposition. But," concluded Mr. H. "the question has for me a far more grand and comprehensive interest than that which appears merely on the face of it here; for if it be possible under Providence to make a change like this in the case of the idiotic, what may it not be possible to accomplish with many classes of character which have hitherto been almost equally misunderstood or neglected, but in whom there is naturally a far higher degree of intelligence to work upon, and to which the success of this experiment will, in turn, direct attention?"

It is needless to say that we shall watch the progress of this humane institution with the deepest interest, and report upon the results as occasion may occur.

Deaths-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty; but the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount enclosed.]

1133. NEXT OF KIN OF BETSEY HALL, spinster, formerly of Laytonstone, Essex, then of Rustington, Sussex, and afterwards of Brighton. *Something to advantage.*
1134. THOMAS BARNARD DAVIES, formerly of Usk, Monmouth, surgeon. *Something to advantage.*
1135. RELATIONS OF NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN ROWTE, formerly of Tottenham-court-road, and afterwards of Blenheim-street, Chelsea, Middlesex, gentleman, deceased. *Something to advantage.*
1136. RICHARD KNOWLES, formerly of Nailstone, Leicester, farming bailiff. *Something to advantage.* If dead, information of his death required.
1137. NEXT OF KIN OF SAMUEL BROWN, of Castle-street, Oxford-street, Middlesex (died September, 1834), or their representatives.
1138. CHILDREN OF DENNIS BURROWS, of Cirencester, Gloucester, and HANNAH BURROWS (formerly HANNAH PITMAN), his wife, and who were married in the year 1736. To claim as NEXT OF KIN of one SAMUEL BOURN, late of Castle-street, Oxford-street, London.
1139. NEXT-OF-KIN AND HEIR AT LAW OF ANN WILLIAMS, of Tottenham, Middlesex, widow of Thomas Williams.
1140. HEIR AT LAW AND NEXT-OF-KIN OF THOMAS EDEN, late of Blackwall, in the parish of Tredington, Worcester (died Feb. 1811), or their representatives.
1141. NIECE OF MR. GEORGE WILLIAMS, of Southampton-street, Covent-garden. *Something to advantage.*
1142. MR. CHARLES GEORGE WILSON, who was in Italy in 1831 with his wife, Maria Theresa Leidlalen; likewise MR. JAMES BURGESS, or their heirs. *Something to advantage.*
1143. PARKINS JOSEPH WILFRED, Esq. T. BLACKBURN, Esq. and SIMON CLARKE, Esq. or, if dead, their heirs at law. *Something to advantage.*
(To be continued weekly.)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE Commissioners of Woods and Forests have erected a gymnasium on the ground at the foot of Primrose-hill, which will be open to the use of the public under certain regulations. — Professor Schonbein, who invented the gun-cotton, has, to a certain point, discovered malleable glass! He renders paper paste (*papier mâché*) transparent, by causing it undergo a certain metamorphosis which he calls catalytic, for want of a more intelligible term. He makes of this new paper window-panes, vases, bottles, &c. perfectly impermeable to water, and which may be dropped on the ground without breaking, and are perfectly transparent. — A plan for establishing a Museum in Edinburgh, similar to the British Museum in London; has been proposed, and is under consideration. — Mr. Bond, of the Cambridge Observatory, has written a letter to the President of Harvard College, in which he announces that the new telescope at the former place is found to answer the highest anticipations that had been formed of it. The wonderful nebula in the constellation Orion has been subjected to the scrutiny of Mr. Bond through this telescope, and has yielded fully to the power of the instrument. According to the American astronomer, the capacity of his telescope is shown to be equal, if not superior, to the famous one of Lord Rosse — the great power of which this nebula so long resisted. "This," says Mr. Bond, speaking of the resolution of the nebula, "has hitherto been considered as the greatest effort of the largest reflecting telescope in the world; and this our own telescope has accomplished." — The brothers of the Charter-house have commenced the formation of a library of their own. Writers in the newspapers speak of this as a sign of the progress of the age. We cannot perceive any such proof in the occurrence. Looking at the class from which Charter-house brethren are selected, and recollecting that they are "well fed, well housed, and amply provided with pocket-money," we feel greatly surprised that they have not long had a most valuable and diversified collection of mental furniture. Had the brethren been poor we should not so have marvelled. It is where the means of livelihood are precarious and very limited that efforts at regeneration elicit most of admiration. As, for instance, at St. George's in the East, where a library and reading-room for the industrious classes has just been opened through the exertions of the Rev. William Quickett, the incumbent. There are already upwards of 100 members, who are admitted at the low rate of 1s. per quarter to the advantages of a well selected library of books on useful and general literature. Most of the daily papers are also taken in. It is the intention of the worthy founder to have courses of lectures on popular subjects delivered occasionally. — The Congress of German Jurists recently assembled at Hamburg have brought their deliberations to a close, with the following resolution respecting the press:—"The Assembly of German Jurists declare that the German people, by virtue of the promises held out in the Act of Confederation, has a perfect right to the liberty of the press, and consider that the German people is fully capable of making use of that right. The members will do all in their power to put the German people in possession of the liberty of the press." — The *Univers* informs us that M. de Cormenin, the celebrated writer under the pseudonym of "Timon," has just been honoured with the Grand Cross of Pius IX. M. de Cormenin is the first Frenchman on whom this dignity has been conferred. — A *Société des Publicists* is being formed at Brussels, the objects of which are to unite the French and Flemish languages, and assist authors in publishing their works, so that they may be less dependent on the booksellers. — No intelligence has been received of the French aeronaut M. Lédet, who, it will be remembered, ascended in a balloon on the 12th ult. from St. Petersburg, and has not since been heard of, though his balloon fell into the Lake of Ladoga. On the evening of the day on which M. Lédet made his ill-fated ascent, his sister was attacked with sickness of which she died the next

day. Madame Lédet, his wife, who was at Moscow, immediately on learning that he had disappeared, set out in the hope of finding him, notwithstanding her advanced state of pregnancy.—Moscow enjoyed the spectacle of a very fine Aurora Borealis in the evening of the 24th ult. The light extended from 120 to 150 degrees on the horizon of the north, and was so strong that it caused the light of the moon to become pale. It was weakest at the constellation of the Swan and the Eagle, which were then at the meridian. The phenomenon commenced at forty minutes past seven, and ceased at eight o'clock.—The meteorological observations made at the Cambridge Observatory during the eclipse on the 9th of October, have been published as follows:—"The changes in the barometer and hygrometer were very small, but sufficiently considerable to shew them to have been in some measure affected by the phenomenon. The observations were taken at intervals of from ten to fifteen minutes. At 6h. 0m. the barometer read 29.933 in. and until the commencement of the eclipse, shewed an inclination to fall. At the time of the greatest obscuration, it remained stationary, and immediately after it continued to ascend; finally, at 8h. 45m. it read 29.963 in. having thus ascended 0.030 in. in 2h. 45m. With three common thermometers, one with the bulb blackened and exposed to the sun's light, another with a plain bulb in the same position, and the third in the shade, the readings were plainly affected, though to a small amount, remaining mostly stationary as the sun became obscured, and varying rapidly as the phenomenon passed off. With hygrometers exposed to the sun's light, and in the shade, the differences were very uniform, following the same range as the common thermometers. Owing to the moisture in the atmosphere, the wet and dry bulb readings were nearly the same, the differences being at commencement of eclipse.—Wet below dry, 0.5 deg.; at greatest obscuration, 0.4 deg.; and at termination, 1.0 deg.

THE CAREER OF GIBSON, THE SCULPTOR.—At a time when we have just reared, as one of the permanent ornaments of our town, a statue executed by one of the most distinguished sculptors of the day, whose fame we regard as belonging to us, it may be interesting to our readers to learn a few particulars of his early life and professional career. John Gibson was born in 1790, at Gyllyn, near Conway, in North Wales, and his baptismal certificate, which we have before us, runs:—"Baptised John, son of William Gibson, of the parish of Gyllyn, by Jane Roberts, his wife, June 19." His father occupied the situation of a gardener upon the estate of R. Griffiths, esq. by whom, upon his growing up to boyhood, it is presumed from some manifestation of superior talent, considerable interest was shewn in the young Gibson, for we learn that it was by his advice that he was brought to Liverpool, only, however, to be bound apprentice to the comparatively humble trade of a cabinet-maker and carver in wood, his masters being Messrs. Southwell and Wilson, of this town. Here he very early manifested a turn for the sculptor's art, excelling in carving, and the modelling of small wooden figures. The first work which attracted notice beyond the immediate sphere of his employers' shop, and his own friends, was a small model in wax of Time, executed in the year 1808, when the artist would be in his 18th year. This attracted the observation of Messrs. T. and S. Francys, sculptors, of Brownlow-hill, who at that time occupied the premises, at present those of Mr. Spence, who was a fellow-apprentice with Gibson, and has in his possession the model referred to. The Messrs. Francys appear to have fully appreciated the ability of the youth; for we learn that they immediately purchased its indentures, giving the sum of 70l. for them, and employed him in the higher branches of their own business. Whilst with them he executed (1810) a model representing the Seasons, and a figure of Cupid, both of which were for John Gladstone, esq. and are no doubt in the possession of and highly prized by that gentleman. The Cupid is considered one of his finest productions. After having served six years—the remainder of his term of apprenticeship—to the satisfaction of these gentlemen, he was noticed by the late William Roscoe, esq. no mean judge of talent, by whom he was recommended to the patronage of Michael Angelo Taylor, esq. M.P. at the time for the city of Durham; and he accordingly arrived in London in 1818. He was immediately set to work in the

execution of a number of models of that gentleman's family. An introduction to Lord Castlereagh followed, from whom he received letters of introduction to Canova, the sculptor; and in 1820 he started for Rome, where he devoted himself to the study of the old masters. It was here that he met first the Duke of Devonshire, a nobleman ever anxious and munificent in encouraging native English talent, from whom he received an order for the execution of the celebrated piece of statuary, Mars and Venus. The admiration attracted by this work gained him the patronage of the King of Bavaria, one of the greatest supporters of the arts and sciences in Italy since the time of Leo X. for whom he chiselled several groups, which were approved of by the most eminent connoisseurs. Since then his fame has become a patent fact, and many of the Italian and English nobility, with some of our own merchant princes, have employed him, and prize his productions. In disposition, Mr. Gibson is mild and unassuming, amiable and humane; and it is a circumstance which may be recorded to his honour that, in his affluence at Rome, he never forgot the duty of sharing his means with his parents in Liverpool.—*Liverpool paper.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Adam's (Rev. W.) Warnings of the Holy Week, 2nd edit. 12mo. 5s. cl.—Alison's (A.) History of Europe during the French Revolution, new edit. Vol. VII. 12mo. 6s. cl.—Anthems and Services for Church Choirs, 2nd series, 4to. 12s. cl.—Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) Practical Introduction to Greek Accidence, 4th edit. 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Barker's (Miss E.) Extracts from Eminent Authors, 3rd edit. 2 vols. royal 12mo. 14s. cl.—Blackiston's (P.) Practical Observations on certain Diseases of the Chest, and on the Principles of Auscultation, 8vo. 12s. cl.—Bohn's Antiquarian Library, Vol. III. William of Malmesbury's English Chronicle, post 8vo. 5s. cl.—Bohn's Standard Library, Vol. XXVII. "Ranke's History of the Popes," Vol. I. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Boeninghausen's (C.) Manual of Homoeopathic Therapeutics, translated by J. Laurie, post 8vo. 12s. cl.—Burns's Juvenile Library, Vol. XIX. "Neale's (Rev. J. M.) Stories from Heathen Mythology," 18mo. 2s. cl.—Bushman (The); or, Life in a New Country, by E. W. Landor, 8vo. 14s. cl.—Chambers's (R.) History of the Rebellion in Scotland in 1745, new edit. 12mo. 4s. cl.—Chambers's (R.) Traditions of Edinburgh, new edit. 12mo. 4s. cl.—Chambers's (R.) Popular Rhymes of Scotland, new edit. 12mo. 4s. cl.—Cowper's (W.) Works, edited by the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, new edit. Vol. VII. 12mo. 3s. cl.—Crutwell's Housekeeper's Account Book, 1848, 4to. 2s. swd.—Encyclopedia of the Medical Sciences, from the "Encyclopaedia Metropolitana," 4to. 21s. cl.—Englishman's (The) Family Library, Vol. XI. "Crane's Lives of Missionaries," Vol. I. 12mo. 5s. cl.—Farming Implements, &c. by F. D. P. 8vo. 1s. 6d. swd.—Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-Book for 1848, edited by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, 4to. 21s. cl.—Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book for 1848, edited by Mrs. Ellis, post 8vo. 8s. cl.—Glenny's (G.) Garden Almanack for 1848, 12mo. 1s. swd.—Gore's (Mrs.) The Inundation or Pardon and Peace for 1848, 12mo. 5s. cl. gilt.—Half-hours with the best Authors, edited by Charles Knight, Vol. II. 8vo. 5s. cl.—Hasack's (I.) Treatise on the Conflict of the Laws of England and Scotland, Part I. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Hill's (Miss) Original Crochet Novelties, sq. 32mo. 6d. swd.—Howard's (Frank) The Sketcher's Manual, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Howard's Imitative Art, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Hutton's (R. M.) Five years in the East, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.—Hymer's (I.) Treatise on Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, and on Trigonometrical Tables and Logarithms, 3rd edit. 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Johnson and Shaw's Farmer's Almanack for 1848, 12mo. 1s. swd. interleaved, 2s. cl.—London (The) Theological Library, Vol. VI. Lardner's (N. D.D.) "Credibility of the Gospel History," Vol. I. post 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Miser's (The) Daughter; a Tale by W. H. Ainsworth, 3rd edit. medium 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Montgomery's (Rev. R.) The World of Spirits, post 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.—National (The) Spelling Book, 12mo. common, 1s. cl.; Ditto, 12mo. fine edition, 1s. 6d. cl.—Natural (The) History of Humbugs, by Angus B. Reach, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Parlour (The) Library, Vol. IX. Hall's (Mrs. S. C.) "Marian," 12mo. 1s. bds.—Punch's Pocket-Book for 1848, 2s. 6d. roan tuck.—Queen's (The) Visit to Jersey, Sept. 3, 1846, 25 plates, imp. fol. 5s. half-bound.—Readings for the Young, from the Works of Sir W. Scott, 3 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Rose's Biographical Dictionary, Vol. XII. 8vo. 18s. cl.—Ditto, complete, 12 vols. 8vo. 10l. 16s. cl.—St. Roche: a Romance, from the German of Frau Von Paalzow, edited by J. Morier, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Slaters (J.) The Christian Reader, 12mo. 5s. bd.—Statutes (The) at Large, Vol. XVIII. Part 2. 10 & 11 of Victoria, 4to. 1l. 7s. bds.—Steeple Chase Calendar, 1846-7, 12mo. 5s. sewed.—Strickland's (Miss) Lives of the Queens of England, Vol. XI. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, edited by Davenport, new edit. 18mo. 5s. cl.—Ditto, with Key, 18mo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Whewell's (W.) Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s. bds.—Xenophon's Anabasis, with English Notes by Anthon, edited by the Rev. Dr. Hussey, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bd.

WIT AND WISDOM OF THE WEEK.

In a copy of the "Autobiography of Benevenuto Cellini," belonging to the New York Society Library, were found the following lines. Perhaps, in these fiction-loving days, they might do good service as an advertisement to a new edition of the work:—

"Within this volume, Reader, thou mayst find
A great man's portrait, by himself design'd:
In regal cabinets we reverence still
The priceless treasures of Cellini's skill,
And fame, upon her archives, has enrolled
The name of him whose touch outvalued gold.
Look on his works; and you might deem his heart
Brimmed o'er with worship of Ideal Art:
Look on his life! and you will see his breast
Fired by some button on a cardinal's vest.
No classic subject for his taste too high,
No aim too small to win his courtly eye.
His soul all dreams of loveliness could shape,
His life all deeds of infamy could ape,
And every act he vaunts with equal grace
Whether he cuts a throat or casts a face.
Thus while to future ages he must stand
The Prince of Sculptors in his own fair land,
Here 'mid his patrons, Kings, and Popes, and
Friars,
He stands before us, as the Prince of Liars."

LAUGHABLE ERROR.—The *Manchester Times*, in a paragraph descriptive of the statue erected at the custom-house to the memory of Mr. Huskisson, states that the pedestal is composed of *pomegranate*; we presume, *pure granite* is meant.

AN APOLLO WHO COULD REND THE HEARTS OF DRINKING GLASSES WITH HIS PIERCING NOTES.—In Aubrey's MS. on Wilts, it is stated that Mersennus, or Kiacher, says, "That one may know what quantity of liquid is in the vessel by the sound of it, knowing before the empty note. I have several times heard great brasses pannes ring by the barking of a hound, and also by the loud voice of a strong man." "The voice, if very strong and sharp, will crack a drinking-glass," adds J. Evelyn. Mr. Britton says in a note, "I have been favoured with a confirmation of this note of Evelyn from the personal experience of my old friend, Mr. Brayley, who was present at a party on Ludgate-hill, London, many years ago, when Mr. Broadhurst, the famed public vocalist, by singing a high note, caused a wine-glass on the table to break, the bowl being separated from the stem.—*The Builder.*"

SINGULAR DISEASE OF GROWING TREES.—A portion of the top of a spruce-fir may be seen at our office, bearing a most singular appearance from what is generally thought to be the effect of some unknown disease. The solid portion of the wood appears to have been absorbed or dissipated, and the branches, which in their ramifications much resemble the horns of a stag, with a tuft on each termination, look as if they had been pressed flat by some mechanical force, and to consist of nothing but two shells of bark. The general form of the specimen is altogether curious, and not displeasing; and although it has been seen by very many persons in the neighbourhood where it was obtained, no one can give any reason for its singular appearance, which may, we believe, be pronounced unique. It was obtained, with one or two similar specimens, in a plantation on the heights of Matlock, in the occupation of Mr. B. Bryan, the Matlock guide.—*Derbyshire Courier.*

HINTS TO LADIES.—Men of sense—I speak not of boys of eighteen to five and twenty, during their age of detestability—men who are worth the trouble of falling in love with, and the fuss and inconvenience of being married to, and to whom one might, after some inward conflicts, and a course perhaps of fasting and self-humiliation, submit to fulfil those ill-concocted vows of obedience which are extracted at the altar—such men want for their companions, not dolls; and women who would suit such men are just as capable of loving fervently, deeply, as the Ringletian, full of song and sentiment—who cannot walk—cannot rise in the morning—cannot tie her bonnet-strings—faints if she has to lace her boots—never in her life brushed out her beautiful hair—would not, for the world, prick her delicate finger with plain sewing; but who can work harder than a factory girl upon a lamb's-wool shepherdess—dance like a dervise at Almack's—ride like a foxhunter—and, whilst every breath of air gives her cold in her father's gloomy country-house, and she cannot think how people can endure this climate, she can go out to dinner-parties in February and March, with an inch of sleeve and half-a-quarter of bodice—*Mrs. Thompson.*

ANALYSIS OF A PINT OF ALE.—Taking up a pint of ale, we find it to consist of three distinct parts—spirit, water, and extractive matter. By the application of

a moderate degree of heat, and the aid of a retort, the first may be separated and preserved; and by the application of an increased heat, the second, water, can be driven up the chimney in the form of vapour, leaving all the third component part of the liquor dry at the bottom of the vessel. Now, each pint of ale of average quality weighs about 18 oz. of which 2 oz. are alcohol. No one will contend that this contains the nourishing property, else whiskey or rum would be the things most desirable. There yet remain of the pint of ale 16 oz. of which fifteen are nothing at all but water; of course it won't be contended for a moment that this contains the nourishing principle of beer; we are therefore constrained to look for it in the remaining ounce, and here sure enough it is. Each pint of ale contains one ounce of extractive or solid matter, and this alone can impart nourishment to the system.—*Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper.*

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Quadrille....."The Phantom Dancers".....Jullien
Solo.....Violin, M. SAINTON.....Sainton
Valse....."Le Désir," with Variations performed by the whole of the First and Second Violins, Tenors, Violoncellos, and Contrabasses.....Beethoven
New Ballad....."Oh! tell me pretty river," F. Mori
National Song....."The Swiss Girl," Sung by MISS DOLBY.....Linley
Quadrille....."The Swiss Quadrille," (13th time).....Jullien

PART II.

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The Directors having obtained their amended Act, giving enlarged powers and facilities, and authorising the issue of additional shares, purpose immediately to carry out the important objects for which this Company was incorporated, and are now ready to receive applications for the unallotted Shares.

The Company being Incorporated by Act of Parliament, the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their shares; and the Act of Incorporation requires that at least three months shall elapse between the calls, and that no call shall exceed 2*l.* 10s. per share.

The Directors, under the authority of their amended Act, will allow Interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum, upon all Deposits and Calls from the day of payment until the Company's Works are in operation; and five per cent. per annum on all sums paid in advance of calls.

A. GREIG, Secretary.

Offices, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, London.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of the Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company.

Gentlemen,—I hereby request you to allot me Shares, of 20*l.* each, in the above Company, and I undertake to accept the same, or any less number that may be allotted to me, to pay the deposit of 1*l.* per Share thereon, and to execute the necessary deeds when required.

Name in full
Address
Profession or Business (if any)
Reference

JONES'S —4*l.* 4s. SILVER LEVER

WATCHES, warranted not to vary more than half a minute per week, at the Manufactory, 333, Strand, opposite Somerset House. They combine the accuracy of a mathematical instrument with the elegance of an ornament of taste. In substantial Gold Cases, with Gold Dial, 19*l.* 12s. The above prices bring the cost of English work, with its acknowledged superiority, so near to that of Foreign, that no one need now be troubled with a bad watch.

On receipt of a Post-office Order for 1*l.* above the price, a Watch will be sent free to any part of the kingdom.

Read Jones's Sketch of Watch-work, sent free for a 2*l.* stamp.

Drawings of Gold Watch Guards given, or sent free. About 4*l.* 4s. is the price of an useful Guard.

SASSAFRAS CHOCOLATE.—

Dr. DE LA MOTTE'S NUTRITIVE, HEALTH-RESTORING, AROMATIC CHOCOLATE, prepared from the Nuts of the Sassafras Tree, and Sold by the Patentee, 12, Southampton-street, Strand, London.

This Chocolate contains the peculiar virtues of the Sassafras Root, which has been long held in great estimation for its purifying and alterative properties. The aromatic quality (which is very grateful to the stomach) most invalids require for breakfast and evening repast, to promote digestion and to a deficiency of this property in the customary breakfast and supper, may in a great measure be attributed the frequency of cases of indigestion generally termed bilious. It has been found highly beneficial in correcting the state of the digestive organs, &c. from whence arise many diseases, such as eruptions of the skin, gout, rheumatism, and scrofula. In cases of debility of the stomach, and a sluggish state of the liver and intestines, occasioning flatulence, costiveness, &c. and in spasmodic asthma, it is much recommended.

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